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THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE cable thus far works with success, but the means of communication between our great cities and Heart's Content are provokingly inadequate, and are not to be relied upon for promptness. This difficulty will soon be remedied, and then we shall be able to read in the morning papers all the important European news of the previous day. At the office in this city, of which we give an illustration on this page, telegrams for Europe are daily received at an expense to the sender of about a dollar a letter. Already the monetary quotations in this city and London are becoming equalized, and the uncertainty and suspense which have hitherto acted as disturbant elements are being obviated.

CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

WE present our readers with a panoramic view of GREAT SALT LAKE CITY and the VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE, taken from a point north of that city, and embracing all the table land south of it, for a distance of more than twenty miles, where the mountains bound the horizon.

Great Salt Lake Valley is about 30 miles long from north to south, and from 20 to 25 miles from east to west. On the east it is bounded by the Wahsatch Mountains, and on the opposite side by the Oquirrh, or West Mountain Range. The highest peak of the mountains surrounding the valley is about 11,500 feet high, and is said to be covered with perpetual snow.

The mountain in the distance, in the centre of the picture, is 36 miles from the city, and forms part of a chain that lies west of Utah Lake. The lower chain seen nearer is the "Divide," over which is the principally traveled road to California *via* Nevada.

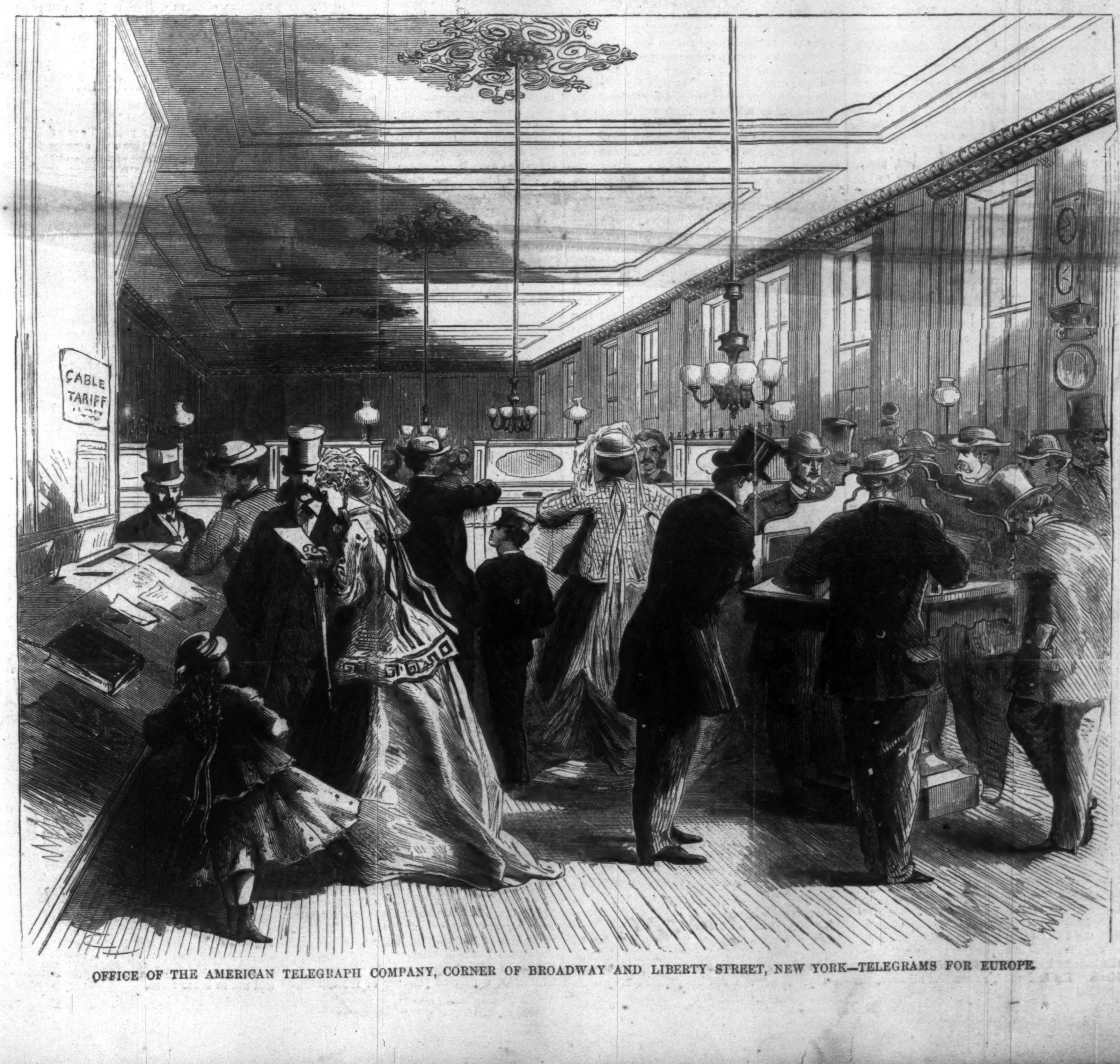
The Jordan River passes between the two distant points in the centre south of this view, and flows past the city, and empties its fresh water into the Salt Lake. Very fine trout and other fish are caught in the Jordan. The Great Salt Lake is about 16 miles northwest of the city, the northern part of the West Mountains terminating abruptly near its shores.

The cultivated lands in this valley are to the south and west of the city, on the borders of the different streams that rush down the mountain gorges or cañons to the Jordan. The waters of the City Creek, north of the city, are used for domestic purposes. The other streams adjoining the city are called Red Ponte, Emigration, Parley's, Mill, Big Cottonwood, and Little Cottonwood Creeks; and the roads leading for the supplies of fire-wood and lumber are made on the sides of the different streams.

The principal entrances to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake are through Parley's and Emigration cañons, and all travelers agree that the view, on reaching "the Bench" from these cañons, is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, showing at once the city, the valley, the glittering face of the famous Salt Lake in the distance, and the chain of mountains bounding the whole panoramic landscape stretching out before them.

Great Salt Lake City is divided into 21 wards, and is, from east to west, about 3 miles long, by 2 from north to south. Each ward has its school-house, sustained by voluntary contributions. A law, however, has recently been passed authorizing each school district to impose a tax for the maintenance of a free school; and in no case is a child denied admission to the schools whose parents are unable to pay for their schooling—in such cases the Ward Fund is drawn upon. The books in common use in the schools of the Territory are WILLSON'S, RAY'S, and M'GUFFEY'S. The population of Great Salt Lake City is upward of 20,000 persons.

There are some very fine buildings fast springing up in the city, and within the last six years, in this particular, the place has made astonishing progress. In fact, within that period East Temple Street, or Main Street frequently called, has been almost rebuilt, and is now filling up with imposing-looking stores and banking establishments. The principal stores are those of W. S. GODBE, WM. JENNINGS, KIMBALL & LAWRENCE, WALKER BROTHERS, and WOODMANSEE'S. GODBE'S store is palatial in appearance, and when the ideality of its architect finds its elaboration in the finish of ornamental plastering, above the rock-cut basement it will present a still more imposing appearance. Mr. JENNINGS'S store, on the opposite side, has a solider magnificence; and KIMBALL & LAWRENCE, WALKER BROTHERS, and others, are equal to many in the Eastern States. Then there is the new City Hall, the Theatre, and on the outskirts there are some



OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK—TELEGRAMS FOR EUROPE.

splendid private residences. These are all the growth of the last six years.

In the fore-ground of the picture is the residence of President BRIGHAM YOUNG. The large square building south of it is the grand theatre, capable of seating about 2000 persons; it is pronounced by visitors far superior to any theatre on the Pacific slope, and equaled by few in the East.

The large building, in the course of erection in the Temple Block, is the new tabernacle, designed to hold from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, and it will be 250 feet long, 180 wide, and 80 feet high. The foundation of the Temple lies to the east of it. This Temple will be 150 feet long by 125 wide, with six towers, as seen in the engraving from the architect's plan.

Great Salt Lake City abounds with very fine gardens, and large quantities of choice fruit are raised. Peaches, plums, apricots, pears, apples, grapes, and all the various kinds of small fruits are cultivated in great abundance.

Great Salt Lake City, from the Bench view, as it first meets the eye of the visitor, is seen looking out as from a forest of fruit trees. Irrigation is the only reliable source of watering the farms and gardens; and the waters of City Creek are conducted down the sides of each street, and ditches are cut to lead the water into each lot.

"The Pioneers," about 143 chosen Mormons, entered the desert under the leadership of "President" BRIGHAM YOUNG, on the 24th of July, 1847, nineteen years ago. To their indefatigable labors, untiring industry, a new world has been opened to colonization and commerce, and in a few years more the railway will open up the Rocky Mountains to tourists, who will, doubtless, for a time at least, make Salt Lake City the Jerusalem of the West; as the Mormons in their earliest days were free to call their favorite city.

We can not close this notice without adding that with whatever differences of opinion may be entertained of the Mormon faith, the great virtue of labor can not be denied to the Mormon population; and high admiration is universally expressed of the executive ability of BRIGHAM YOUNG, who has redeemed the wilderness, made it a fruitful field, and "made the desert to blossom as a rose."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

THE MASSACRE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE late tragedy in New Orleans, terrible as it was, will be of the most salutary effect. Thirty years ago slavery shot LOVEJOY in Alton for defending the right of free speech. Year after year slavery insulted, threatened, and mobbed Northern men for preaching the Declaration of Independence. For five and six years past slavery has exiled, tortured, hung, and burned Southern men for fidelity to the Union. But the sure mills of God grind slowly on, and slavery is abolished.

We have entered upon a new era. Already men are shot by stealth in the late slave States because they declare justice to be the best policy. Already school-houses are burned and teachers hunted away because they seek to enlighten the minds which slavery had darkened. Already the New York *World* and the other Northern lackeys of slavery denounce Southern men who were true to the Union through fire and flood as "cravens and cowards." In Memphis hatred of the principle of equal rights before the law massacres the most friendless and unfortunate part of the population; and in New Orleans the advocates of the same principle, meeting to discuss the subject, are ferociously murdered. But still the slow mills of God grind on. The seed of equal rights will be watered, not drowned, by the blood of the sowers. It will surely grow into a harvest which no storm can destroy. It will bear its natural fruit of national peace and prosperity; and in the happy day of its ripening those who sought to destroy the seed, whatever their station, whatever their temporary power, will be remembered only as the murderers of LOVEJOY and the assassin of LINCOLN are remembered.

It is of no importance whether the members of the Louisiana Convention of 1864 were wise or unwise, fanatical or moderate. Any body of men, any where in the country, have the unquestionable right of assembling under any call whatever to consider public affairs. The desire of discussion is their authority. Any number of citizens of the State of New York may lawfully meet any where in the State to propose a new Constitution. One man alone may lawfully proclaim a new Constitution. There is no law against debate or against propositions of any kind, however sweeping or radical they may be. But when men proceed from debating to enforcing their propositions they become amenable to the law and must answer for their overt acts. The Secession Conventions of 1860-61 were properly tolerated as the disunion arguments of the abolitionists had been previously properly tolerated. The Fenian meetings to found an Irish republic were perfectly lawful. But when the secessionists passed from declarations to deeds, and fired upon the forts, and seized the navy-yards, and stole custom-houses; and when the Fenians attempted with arms to make war upon a peaceful neighbor, the United States justly interfered.

The President knew, as every body else knew, the inflamed condition of the city of New Orleans. He had read, as we had all read, the fiery speeches of both parties. He knew, unless he had chosen willfully to ignore, the smothered hatred of the late rebels toward the Union men of every color. He may have considered the "Conservatives" wise, humane, and peaceful. He may have thought the Radicals wild and foolish. He knew that the Mayor was a bitter rebel, whom he had pardoned into office. He knew that the courts had denounced the Convention, and he was expressly informed that they meant to indict the members. He could not affect ignorance of the imminent danger of rioting and bloodshed. Still, if, as he constantly asserts, Louisiana is rightfully in the same relation to the Union that New York is, he had no authority to say a word or to do an act in that State except "on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature can not be convened." Why did he presume, then, to judge of the authority of the Convention? What has the President of the United States to do with the manner in which delegates to a State Convention are selected? If his own assertion be correct as to the present relation of Louisiana to the Union, the President convicts himself of the most extraordinary and passionate act of executive usurpation and federal centralization recorded in our history.

If, however, he had any right whatever to intervene in the absence of a demand from the Legislature or the Governor, it was derived from the fact that Louisiana is held by the military power of the United States, in which case her present relation to the Union is *not* what the President declares it to be, and he has ample and absolute power to do in that State whatever is necessary to keep the peace. And he knew, as he knew his own existence, that a simple word to the military commander to preserve the peace at all hazards would prevent disorder and save lives. He did not speak that word. Assuming to plant himself upon the Constitution, which by his very act he violated, he telegraphed to the Attorney-General of the State. He threw his whole weight upon the side of those from whom he knew in the nature of things the disorder would proceed, and from whom it did proceed. He knew the city was tinder, and he threw in a spark. Every negro hater and every disloyal ruffian knew from the President's dispatch that the right of the citizens to assemble and declare their views would not be protected. The Mayor's proclamation was a covert but distinct invitation to riot. He announced to a city seething with passionate hatred of the Convention, that it would "receive no countenance from the President." It was simply saying, "The Convention is at your mercy."

And the mob so understood it. A procession of negroes carrying a United States flag was attacked. It defended itself; and the work which one word from the President would have stopped, and which he had the full authority to speak if he could speak at all, went on to its awful result. The rebel flag was again unfurled. The men who had bravely resisted it for four years were murdered under its encouragement, and while they were still lying warm in their blood the President telegraphed that they were "an unlawful assembly," and that "usurpation will not be tolerated"—words which he had no shadow of authority to utter except by the same right which empowered him to save all those lives; a right which he declined to exercise.

The President, who has undertaken by his own arbitrary will to settle every question of the war without consultation with the representatives of the people, says to the murdered men in New Orleans, "Why did you assume to act without obtaining the consent of the people?" The autumn elections will terribly echo that question. Surveying the Executive action of eighteen months, with its plain tendencies and apparent inspiration, seeing that it has left the President with no other party than the most vehement of the late rebels at the South, the Copperheads at the North, and the timid and trimming adherents of the Union party, while the great mass of sturdy Unionists in all parts of the country at the North and South still maintain the ground they have always held, those Union men will write upon the back of every ballot they cast at the coming elections, "Usurpation will not be tolerated:" and upon its face, "Why did you assume to act without obtaining the consent of the people?"

THE FALL OF A "GREAT POWER."

THE first message by the Atlantic telegraph was beautiful and appropriate, for it was a message of peace. It was also of signal historical importance, for it announced the fate of the Austrian empire. We said last week that we anticipated further war, unless Europe should insist upon the reduction of Austria as a Great Power. The news is that war has ceased, and ceased upon what seems to us the condition we named. For BISMARCK certainly began the war to weaken Austria. He has been marvelously successful in the field, and Austria consents to peace upon the terms he dictates. A campaign of less than a month has expelled Austria from Italy, and excluded her from Germany. It has reduced her population by nearly one-sixth, and of that which remains nearly one-half is German, which will naturally lean toward Germany and be a discordant element among the Sclavonians and Magyars, which make up the rest of the population.

A "Great Power," which declines to enter a Congress that wishes to divide her territory and submits the question to the sword, and which virtually by one great battle is then forced to yield and submit to division—forced to surrender a province of 5,000,000 of inhabitants, and withdraw entirely from a Confederation of states of which she was the honorary head—is too sorely humiliated both in her own eyes and in the view of the world to be considered the same Great Power that she has been. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, says that she ought to be comforted; that she will still retain 33,000,000 of people; that she will still have fertile countries; that she will still have vast spaces of undeveloped territory, and that although she has not much sea-coast, still it would be hard to insist upon depriving her of Trieste. But is this the way to speak of a "Great Power?" If France should force England to relinquish Ireland, and compel her to agree not to enter future European Congresses, and a Spanish statesman, commenting upon the situation, should say that it would be hard to insist that England should give up Liverpool, would Mr. GLADSTONE, as an Englishman, be consoled by hearing that England still retained Scotland and Wales, and might devote herself to binding them together by good institutions? Would he feel that England was still a "Great Power" or a power upon sufferance?

Lord STANLEY, the new British Foreign Secretary, evidently anticipates the erection of "a strong, compact empire extending over North Germany." He does not call it by the name of Prussia, but it will be of course a German body with a Prussian head. This power in Middle Europe, with Italy as an ally, will certainly not be less formidable than France. Germany, France, and Italy, with England, would then be a natural alliance against Russia. Austria might be an advanced-guard of Russia, but that is not to be a "Great Power." However gently, therefore, the case may be stated, it seems to be clear that the battle of Sadowa was a fatal blow to Austria; while the armistice agreed upon, when the enemy was within striking distance of Vienna, and the entire acceptance of his terms—if the news be true—reveals a consciousness of impotence which is an utter moral defeat.

Yet under this heavy blow Austria sinks with little sympathy or sorrow from the world. For the world owes her nothing. Neither civil nor religious liberty, nor literature, nor art, nor science, have been enlarged or illustrated by her fostering care. She has been a "Great Power" by brute force. She has overrun provinces and held them by military despotism. By bayonets, prisons, and terror she has maintained a sullen union of protesting and alien peoples. The empire has been a camp. Its law was the sword; and if it falls, it falls as despots fall who have lived by blood and rapine.

THE PERFORMANCE AT PHILADELPHIA.

MR. HERRON, of New Orleans, writes to the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Louisiana that, after seeing the massacre, he declines to serve as a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention. It is not surprising. There was not a rioter who fired upon the negroes or upon the members of the Convention who does not belong to the party of the Philadelphia Convention. The "Union" representation from the late rebel States to Philadelphia is drawn exclusively from the Union men who "hate niggers" and scorn equal rights. They denounce Congress because Congress refuses to allow them to count in the basis of their representation the "niggers" whom they despise. They claim to be "conservative," because they insist that a voter in South Carolina shall have as much power at the polls as two or three voters in Illinois. They swear at Congress as "radical," because it demands fair play. They are coming to Philadelphia, shooting Union men on the way, because they know that they shall meet in the Convention VALLANDIGHAM, who spat upon the flag, and FERNANDO WOOD, who apologized to ROBERT TOOMBS because he could not send him arms to fire upon Union men. They are coming to the Convention because they hope to rule it, and, with its assistance, to rule the country.

We are very glad they are coming. We anticipate with great pleasure the spectacle of that assembly. It will be edifying to see Mr. VALLANDIGHAM with his foot upon the flag, and General DIX with his arms around his neck, whispering fondly, "If any man hauls down the flag, shoot him on the spot." It will be suggestive to observe AUGUST BELMONT, who allowed a young Englishman to wear a rebel badge in his house, graciously patronizing the neophyte SEWARD, who at last owns that Tammany Hall is the only true Union League; and the genial DEAN RICHMOND putting THURLOW WEED in his pocket; and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, a paroled prisoner of the Government, who still justifies the constitutionality of secession, teaching Postmaster-General RANDALL the alphabet of constitutional Union.

We have never doubted what the result of the Convention would be. It will be either nothing or the reorganization of the Democratic party. Mr. WEED and Mr. RANDALL and General DIX and Mr. SEWARD will act with the Democrats in the autumn elections, or they will return to the Union party. If they attempt a JOHNSON ticket it will be merely a second-hand FILLMORE performance of 1856. If they sustain the Democratic party, which has no more intention of disbanding itself than a snake of committing suicide, they will support a policy dictated by those who, like Mr. STEPHENS, hold the doctrine of constitutional secession, and who believe that tranquillity is possible while a seventh of the population are excluded from all political power, and one section of the country is politically preferred to the other.

As for purging the Convention, it is simply impossible. Every body will come except the earnest and intelligent Union men of the country. Such men from the North and South and East and West are not expected nor invited. It is a Convention of those who oppose Congress, and who hold that Mayor MONROE, of New Orleans, is a truer Union man than ANDREW J. HAMILTON, of Texas. From such a body how can Mr. VALLANDIGHAM be excluded? He hates Congress and Radicals and "niggers;" he defends the President and JEFFERSON DAVIS; believes in the equal rights of the States, and despises those of the people of the States if they are of an improper complexion. What more would a "Conservative Union" Convention have? The test question must be, in the nature of the case, not what *was* but what *is* a man's Unionism. And the proofs in every case will be the same. "Do you go for putting down Radicals and 'niggers?'" "I do." "Do you love the Union according to Delegate STEPHENS?" "I do." "Pass in."

And when once in, the positive and not the negative element will control. It will not be what BISMARCK called "the perfumed moderates;" not those who don't agree with all that Congress has done, but would like to see a better spirit at the South; not the lukewarm but the boiling-hot element which will stir the pot. The *Daily News* has already notified Mr. RAYMOND that he must not hope to enter. The *Times*, indeed, retorts that Mr. BEN WOOD must be excluded. But the political contest in this country is between active and earnest forces. Mr. WOOD represents one of them, and Mr. RAYMOND does *not* represent the other. But whoever falls between will be ground to powder.

"ALL RIGHT" AT LAST.

THE cable is "all right," but where is DE SAUTY? A pensive public, in the midst of its gratification and delight, looks eagerly at the signature of every dispatch, and still hesitates and doubts and wonders, for how can it be sure unless it reads, "All right, DE SAUTY." Indeed it is a cruel fate. The directors owe to the world a distinct reply to the question, "Where is DE SAUTY?" By what authority did the *Great Eastern* sail without him? For what reason was he left behind? What is he doing? Where is he doing it? Is DE SAUTY "all right?" Where is DE SAUTY?

Wherever he may be, however, the cable is here. Another of the great steps is taken in the mastery of man over the world in which he was placed to "subdue it," and it has been taken as noiselessly as if it were the rising of a new star. The editorials in the papers were not even leaded. The headings were less tremendous than those which often announce ordinary events. The news was received as a matter of course. For so great is the confidence of men in man that it appeared nobody seriously doubted it would be done. But as the attempt had failed twice there was a possibility that the present effort would not succeed, and no one allowed himself too warm an expectation.

We spoke last week of the influence of the Atlantic Telegraph upon the commercial relations of this country and Europe. In his reply to Mr. FIELD'S congratulatory telegram, Secretary SEWARD rather unnecessarily suggested what in a certain case its political value might have been. But its general influence and value are quite incalculable. It is, however, a plain and pleasant truth that whatever brings nations, and parts of nations, nearer together tends to better intelligence and consequent peace. Telegraphs and railroads are true pacificators. The slight threads that run over the highways trembling and singing in every breeze are but types of the fine and sensitive fibres of sympathy and understanding which they weave around the minds and lands which they connect. Wars will not be immediately abolished by the application of steam to travel, or of electricity to communication. But not to speak of their actual service in shortening the duration of wars, they are, and this is their chief significance, indicative of the progress of that higher civilization which will finally appeal to reason and not to brute force.

It is not the least agreeable reflection of the many which salute the completion of the great work, that the energy and inextinguishable enthusiasm of CYRUS W. FIELD are thus justified and rewarded. There have been many fanatics, and of many kinds, in this country, such as SAM ADAMS, ROBERT FULTON, ELI WHITNEY, JOHN C. CALHOUN, and JOHN BROWN, and to this illustrious company Mr. FIELD'S name will be added. Fanaticism is simply that quality of indomitable tenacity and persistence which accomplishes a purpose. It is the driving wheel of the world. It is the salt that saves society from stagnation. It seems foolish and impracticable until the work is done, and then the faith and will which were reviled as Fanaticism are revered as Genius. Failure could not frighten Mr. FIELD, nor skepticism dishearten, and eight years of unflagging devotion are crowned with complete triumph. He has not only caused two continents, separated by an ocean, to touch each other, but he has given every toiling and doubtful inventor new faith and tenacity, and he has taught the world a more generous sympathy with what seems visionary endeavor.

It is "all right" with Mr. FIELD; but is DE SAUTY, also, "all right?"

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S OPINION.

AT this moment it is interesting and important to know General SHERIDAN'S view of the feeling of the late insurgent section. He is not an "Abolitionist" nor a "Radical," in the ordinary sense. A late correspondent says:

"He said there was an undoubted change for the worse in the attitude of the South within the last six months, and bad symptoms appeared to be increasing. It now looked as if these infatuated people were once more to precipitate their own misfortune. Nothing could have been more considerate than the disposition of the nation toward its defeated foes, even in the heat of passion and flush of victory; and had the rebels only manifested a temper correspondingly reasonable—as, indeed, was very natural to be expected after such chastisement—there could have been no further difficulty. The South evidently had no statesmen, else so plain a problem would not continue to be so bungled; for it should be clear that no class, once set free, can long remain disfranchised; and as they ought to have forestalled their foes in giving freedom to that class in war, so afterward common sense ought to have prompted at least the latter prudence in making allies in peace of those with whom they are bound henceforth to live. Instead, however, it appeared certain that the rebels had learned nothing from experience, and would, in fact, drive their only chance into unfriendly hands. The safety of the public peace and of the private rights of Union men in the South still required the mediation of a sufficient military force; and if called upon to give his testimony it should be that the United States troops ought not yet to be removed from the South."

Recent events in General SHERIDAN'S Department certainly tend to confirm his view.

THE "VENGEANCE" OF THE UNION PARTY.

JUDGE B. R. CURTIS, of Boston, an eminent "conservative," and therefore a very mild supporter of the late war, has written a letter in favor of the Philadelphia Convention, in which he says that he hopes that body will rebuke "the spirit of hatred" which he is pleased to remark is inconsistent with "true love of our brethren." Other eminent "conservatives," and especially those who fomented the New York riots of 1863, are equally concerned lest our neighbors and fellow-citizens should not be sufficiently loved. The charge is sometimes insinuated, sometimes loudly asserted, that Congress and the Union party demand vengeance upon the late rebels, and that the motive of the security they seek for national tranquillity is nothing but the desire of revenge. The conclusion to which it is hoped this accusation will drive the country is, that if we would immediately inaugurate the reign of Christian charity we must intrust the government, at the next election, to the patrons of the draft riots, with ST. CLEMENT, of Ohio, at their head.

What, then, are the facts? The facts are simply that the Union party, the party of the successful maintenance of the Union and Government, have neither asked nor executed one solitary stroke of retaliation or revenge against any individual or State concerned in the rebellion. Many soldiers and some civilians still hold, as the President constantly taught, that if there be a law against treason, and if any citizen is convicted by an impartial trial, he should be solemnly hung as a traitor. This may be impolitic, but to denounce such a feeling as a desire of vengeance is to misuse words willfully. It is to say that if WILKES BOOTH had been arrested immediately after his crime, and had been lawfully tried and convicted, it would have been vengeance and an outburst of "the spirit of hatred," which Judge CURTIS tells us is inconsistent "with true love of our brethren," to demand that the law be executed. The simple truth is, that there was never at any time in any country so conclusive a victory won, after so tremendous and vital a struggle, in which the attitude of the victors was so perfectly reasonable and humane as that of the loyal citizens of the United States known as the Union party. The cry of vindictiveness is the mere angry shout of a baffled faction, which Judge CURTIS and others condescend to swell. And it would be a curious inquiry whether it is not a "spirit of hatred" upon their part toward certain persons and political sympathies nearer home which inspires them to lend their support to the charge.

The only revenge sought by those who have saved the Union is a security that its peace shall not be imperiled by conferring increased political power upon those who tried to destroy it; and a law that those who from political ambition led the insurrection shall be ineligible to political preferment at the pleasure of the loyal people in Congress. They seek neither proscription, confiscation, executions, nor exile for the defeated. Yet the "Conservative" party which uttered a great cry of rage when JOHN BROWN, with a handful of men, made a raid for liberty into Virginia, and smiled grim assent when the brave old man was hung, now when hundreds of thousands of men have made a raid for slavery against the Union and Government at such fearful cost of loyal suffering and blood, call it "vindictive," and "revengeful," and a proof of "hatred" if the United States, without harming a single hair of a single head of the raiders, says firmly and only that they shall not have gained increased power in the Union.

INFLUENCE OF EARLY EDUCATION ON HEALTH.

IF we were to announce it as a fact that the general plan of training horses is injurious to them, not only lessening their strength and speed, but laying the foundation for various diseases, we think that very many of the trainers and owners of horses would earnestly consider our views. But we doubt whether a similar announcement about the training of children in our schools would receive much attention from parents and teachers. Why? Not because a horse is really estimated to be of more value than a child, for this is certainly not true of most persons. What, then, is the reason? It is found in the fact alluded to in a previous article, that it is the common notion that the training of the mind must of necessity impair the physical powers. One can not realize how deeply rooted is this error in the general sentiment, unless he particularly observes the evidences of its existence. We see it continually in the modes of expression used by fond parents in relation to the influence of study upon the health of their children. There is evidently a sort of satisfaction mingled with their regrets, and to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" is so sure a passport to commendation, not only in advanced but in young scholars, that the temptations lead strongly in that direction.

A very ruinous part of this error is in the supposition that all that is lost to the physical in such cases is so much gain to the mental. The individual is to be looked upon as a whole, made up of mind and body most intimately connected, so that whatever injures the one more or less injures the other. If, then, in the cultivation of the mind due regard be paid to the body, the mind will be stronger and do more work than it could if the bodily powers were impaired and deranged. It is to be remembered that it is not mere depression that the mind experiences from bodily debility, but with this the deranged nerves inflict a morbid irritation upon the mind.

Sometimes the error we are combating is carried to such an extent that the idea is entertained that mind is essentially refined and elevated by this impairment of the physical condition. The influence is, on the contrary, positively deteriorating; sometimes even corrupting. Much of the sickly sentimentalism and morbid unnaturalness of thought comes from this source, marring largely our current literature. Whenever there is healthy thought with impaired and deranged physical powers, it is healthy in spite of this impairment and derangement. Though vigor of body is not essential to vigor of mind, it certainly strongly favors it, and at the same time is not in the least inconsistent with mental refinement. We have seen many a pale and thin student become ruddy and stout from a proper course of exercise, without any loss of refinement of the mind, but with addition to its vigor, sometimes very decidedly manifested.

The injury which is done in education to the physical powers is not obvious in advanced scholars, for the simple reason that we have in them the accumulated results of the harm inflicted during a long course of years, beginning in early childhood. And often the worst part of the injury is experienced in the earliest years, when the brain, the chief organ of the nervous system, is in a soft and growing condition, and therefore easily impressed. Mind and brain are so intimately connected that we are in the habit of speaking of the brain as representing the mind; and so we say that if we puzzle and addle the soft brain with things only fit for brains that have acquired their full firmness, we shall mar it in its growth and make it liable to disease. The foundation of many an attack of inflammation of the brain or of insanity in adult life has been laid in childhood in the school-room.

Much is said, and very properly, of making children spend too much time in study. Brains as well as muscles may be overburdened with work. But the difficulty is not altogether in the amount of labor, but partly in the character of it. The more interested and satisfied the mind is in its work the less is the liability of harm from it. But there is commonly little of satisfaction or interest in the school-room. Learning is made too much a wearisome drudgery. The child is obliged to learn words and forms of statement and rules, of which he understands little or nothing, while the food which his mind naturally most craves is cruelly withheld. He wants to know about *things*, and his mind is crammed with mere *words*. As well might you feed your cattle on dry husks in place of corn.

An attempt is made to relieve the tedium of the common mode of education by various incentives to competition; but this introduces an unnatural and feverish excitement, which really ministers to the harm that is done to both mind and body by the drudgery of mere drilling. The only remedy is to be found in so conducting education that *the natural desire for knowledge may be suitably gratified*. That the mind of the child has such a desire, and is not naturally averse to acquiring knowledge, is a fact that can be learned only by furnishing proper food to the mind in a proper manner. And it is just here that a grand reform in education is needed. Not only should more time be given to physical culture, but the mode of mental culture should be radically changed. The change which we advocate is necessary both for the full and symmetrical development of mind and the highest physical culture in the educated. The details of this change we should like to notice, but our limits forbid. The subject is one which deserves a serious examination from all who are interested in education, and it is high time that drilling in words and forms and technicalities should cease to be considered the chief business of the teacher, and take its proper place as subservient to the educing of thought.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHOLERA.

JUST as we have the news that the cholera has become epidemic in London, the disease is becoming here less alarming. Still the mortality report for this city during the week ending August 4 is very high. The total number of deaths from all causes, including those which occurred in the institutions, was 949, of which 239, or one-fourth, were from cholera. The latest reports from the islands and institutions were very encouraging.

Dr. Harris, speaking of the ravages of cholera abroad, says: "The fatal ravages of the epidemic at latest dates in the city of Amiens, where 1000 perished in the first few days out of a population of only 65,000; at Antwerp, where from 40 to 50 have perished in a day; at Berlin, with more than 50 deaths to 80 cases daily; at Delft, with 220 deaths to 396 cases; and in various towns in Holland, this summer, 3866 deaths in a total of 6646 cases; and now in Southampton, London, and Liverpool, where the infection has begun to localize itself in its old haunts, and where, in cases that untreated in the first moments of the diarrhœa, more than half the victims of cholera died, are proving that the nature and tendencies of the present epidemic do not differ from those of the previous years."

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The Public Debt of the United States, as it stood on the 1st of August inst., amounted to $2,633,099,276, being a reduction since the previous statement of June 1, in sixty days, of $37,180,091. In the same period the further sum of $46,814,650, in the temporary Currency obligations of the Treasury, has been funded into Five-Twenty 6 per cent. gold-bearing stocks of 1865. The present is by far the most favorable statement of the progress in reduction of the Public Debt yet reported. It is $12,000,000 or $15,000,000 better than was generally looked for, and shows a grand reduction from the maximum of the Public Debt, unprovided for in August last, *of one hundred and twenty-four million of dollars*—say $124,153,989. Since the 1st June the Gold Coin in the Treasury has increased from $50,679,957 to $61,322,126.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Assistant-Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia has made application for authority to place Stewart County under martial law, on account of the indisposition of the civil authorities to do justice to the freedmen. The citizens have even joined with the rioters in murdering freedmen after they were arrested and bound. A judge killed with his own hands a freedman, and was allowed to escape unpunished. The offense of the negro was that he had defended his home against a gang of robbers.

The published report that negroes have been kidnapped on the coast of Florida and sold to Cuba is denied at the Navy Department. In consequence of the reports the Department directed Commodore Winslow, commanding the Gulf Squadron, to make a thorough investigation of the matter, and he reports that the statements are without the slightest foundation.

Attorney-General Stanberry has given an opinion that the nominations for public offices rejected during the session of the Senate can be legally made by the President during the recess.

John Ross died in Washington on the night of August 3, aged about 75 years. It was not until he signed the recent treaty between the United States and the Cherokee Nation that he was restored to his former privileges and again recognized as the Chief, which position he held for forty years. His remains will ultimately be taken to Cherokee Country for interment.

The Johnson State Convention met in New Haven, August 2. Nearly 200 people, including members and spectators, were present. Senator Dixon presided, and read a lengthy address, condemning the policy of Congress and sustaining that of President Johnson. Resolutions in the same tone were adopted. Thirty-nine delegates were appointed to the Philadelphia Convention.

The Douglas monument at Chicago will, when completed, somewhat resemble Brock's monument on Queenstown Heights. The base is to be fifty feet high, the shaft forty feet, and a statue ten feet high, surmounting the whole. It will be made of the white limestone.

One of three guerrillas recently captured and hung near Little Rock, Arkansas, proved to be a woman.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE GERMAN WAR.

ON July 13 Archduke Albert formally assumed the command of the Austrian Army. In his address to the army he alludes to the victory at Custozza, and speaks of the result of the battle of Sadowa as an "undeserved disaster."

On July 14 the Federal Diet took its departure from Frankfort-on-the-Main to Augsburg.

In regard to Bismarck, and the support of his policy by the German States, the London *Times*, of July 18, makes the following comments:

"Sixteen of the smaller States have accepted the Bismarck programme, and are fain to be devoured. Three of the larger Sovereigns—Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse—have forfeited their throne by that absence which 'always puts men in the wrong,' and will only be reinstalled upon good show of penitence and amendment. There is henceforward to be only one will in the Fatherland—the will of the Prussian statesman, who, after overcoming all resistance, offers to abdicate his power into the hands of a National Parliament. On one point only that assembly will have no occasion to deliberate. The military and diplomatic functions belonging to the Executive of the future State have already been absolutely, exclusively, and irrevocably vested in the hands of Prussia. On all other subjects the people's representatives will have *carte blanche*, and they will cut the cloth of the Royal and Ducal mantles of the minor Princes according to the pattern that seems best to them; and will doubtless give proof of more than German subtlety and ingenuity in fixing the limits of a Sovereign Power from which the prerogatives of peace and war have forever departed.

"It is no wonder if all Europe, if Germany, and even of Prussia herself seem as yet to experience some difficulty in realizing the full extent of the change which the events of the last three weeks have wrought on the destinies of that country. German perception is proverbially slow; German action deliberate. It is only now, when the well laid and better executed plans of General Moltke have led the victorious armies of the Crown Prince and of Prince Frederick Charles to the gates of Vienna, that any thing like spontaneous movement becomes perceptible among the ranks of Teutonic patriotism; and the men of Hanover and Brunswick, of Bremen and Hamburg, of Hesse, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg, now join hands in support of Bismarck's programme of Federal Reform. Thirty millions of North Germans, mostly Protestants, are one in mind and heart, and, whatever changes fortune may have in store, the sufferings of the present war will have to be hailed as the birth-throes of German nationality, at least as far as the line of the Main and the Bohemian Mountains.

"South of that river and of those highlands nothing but confusion and discord seem to prevail. The victory of Aschaffenburg has thrown open to the Prussians the gates of the old City of the Bund, and that mere Rump of a Diet has been driven in ignominious flight to Augsburg. The Prussians entered Frankfort on Monday evening amidst the cordial welcome of the inhabitants, and the demoralization of the Federals is so complete as to compel the Bavarian Government to sue for a three days' armistice with the Prussians. It is possible that the march of invasion may on this side stop at the Main. The Prussians would rather not meddle with the country beyond that river, and an extension of his power over South Germany did not certainly enter into Count Bismarck's calculations. Matters are nevertheless ripe for great changes even in those Franconian and Swabian districts. The appeal of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Emperor Napoleon has produced that effect which it was so easy to anticipate. The dread of a French Protectorate at the head of a new Confederation of the Rhine has sent a shudder through the veins even of the most reckless Democrat and Ultramontane of Wurtemburg and Baden. We hear every where of pamphlets and proclamations to the German people, urging co-operation with Prussia as the only means of safety for the common Fatherland; we hear of invectives against Austria, as the foreign, Slavo Magyar, effete, Roman Catholic, half civilized State, that could never again place itself at the head of Germany, and which yet stands in the way of German union under Prussian supremacy, and does not shrink from the unnatural policy of calling in foreign intervention. Should the German Parliament, as it is expected, meet in Frankfort or Dresden at the beginning of next September, it is difficult to conceive how the members from the Southern German States can be excluded from it. It was easy for Cavour and Napoleon to give the first start to the instinct of unity in the Italian people, but when once awakened it soon became impossible for the first movers to keep that instinct within the limits which they would fain have prescribed. The Germans, it is true, do not jump at conclusions with the same ardor and alacrity as their Southern neighbors, but it is possible that Bismarck may have raised a ghost which it may be beyond even his power to lay."

Advices by the cable of the 4th instant inform us that the Peace Conference is to be held at Prague, and that the preliminaries of negotiations have already been agreed upon. These include the withdrawal of Austria from the German Confederation, the cession of Venetia, the loss of her share in the Danish Duchies, and the payment by her of a large share of the war expenses of her adversaries. Germany is to be divided into two confederations, separated by the line of the Main. The Northern Union will be controlled by Prussia, and the Southern probably by Bavaria.

The *Moravian*, with news to the 27th ultimo, brings intelligence of an engagement that took place before Presburg, just before the armistice was agreed upon, in which the Austrians were defeated. A Hungarian legion has been formed in Silesia for the invasion of Hungary in case peace is not declared.

The *City of Boston*, with advices to July 26, gives very little news that had not already been anticipated.

The preliminaries of peace proposed by Prussia and approved by France are officially announced as follows:

Austria to recognize the dissolution of the former German Bund and the organization of a new Confederation from which she would be excluded.

The north of Germany to form a union under the military and diplomatic direction of Prussia.

The optional formation of a union of South Germany as an independent international body.

National bonds between these two unions.

The annexation of the Elbe Duchies to Prussia, with the exception of the Danish portion of Schleswig.

Part payment by Austria of the Prussian war expenses.

The maintenance of the integrity of Austria, with the exception of Venetia.

A more detailed version of the preliminaries, and perhaps the most accurate, is given as follows:

Prussia to annex the Elbe duchies, the southern part of Hanover, and Electoral Hesse, so as to establish a large and easy communication between the whole of her territories.

All the states to the north of the Main to form a confederation, of which Prussia should have the perpetual presidency, which she should represent abroad, and of which the military forces, organized in the same way as her own army, should be placed under her command.

The states to the south of the Main to be at liberty to form among themselves a distinct confederation, to which Austria, by reason of her German territories, should be admitted.

Should these two Confederations think fit to establish relations between each other for affairs common to both, by means of reunions of Plenipotentiaries or a Diet, the presidency to belong to Prussia, and the votes to be so arranged as to give ten to the Northern Confederation and six to the Southern.

Austria to preserve the whole of her territory, with the exception of Venetia, *which would be handed over to Italy.*

Austria to pay to Prussia a war indemnity of 200,000,000 francs, but in this sum would be considered the portion of the Austrian debt which Italy would take upon herself by reason of the cession of Venetia.

ENGLAND.

On Friday night, August 2, the bill for a renewal of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in Ireland was read a second time in the British House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone supported the Government, and expressed his admiration of the manner in which our Government had treated the Fenians in this country.

ARMISTICE IN ITALY.

On July 25 a suspension of hostilities for eight days was concluded between the Italians and the Austrians.

Previous to the armistice the Italians had been very successful in the Southern Tyrol.

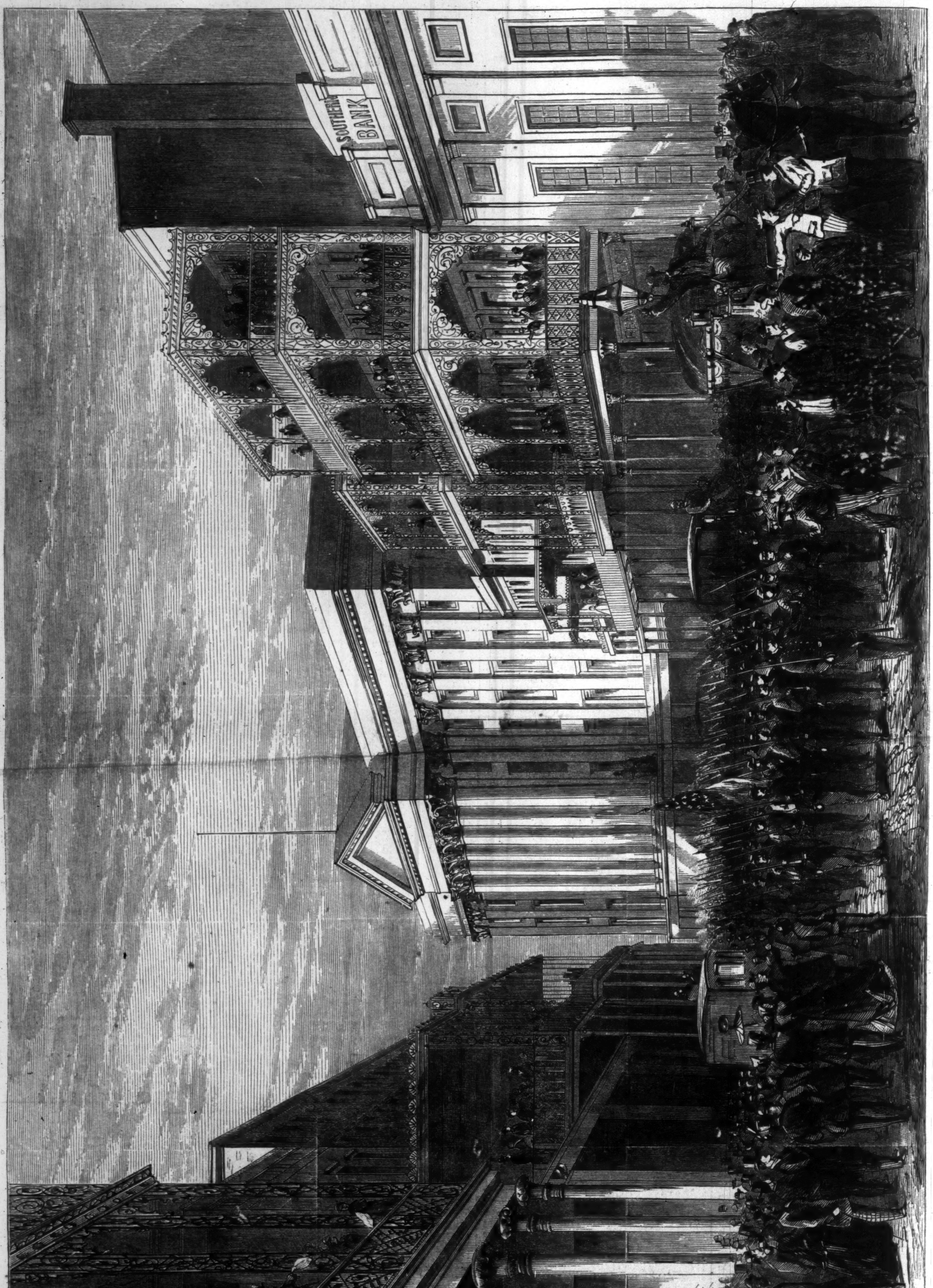
THE NAVAL BATTLE AT LISSA.

The following is the Italian account, contained in a letter from Florence, dated July 21. The following official account of the naval engagement between the Austrian and Italian fleets, dated "the Straits of Lissa, July 20," has been received here: "The Austrian squadron not having made its appearance, as expected, on the evening of the 18th, some of our iron-clad vessels forced their way yesterday into the Port St. Georges. This morning disembarkation commenced, when the naval vedettes signaled that the enemy's squadron was in sight. The Italian fleet put out to meet them, and a battle commenced. Admiral Persano hoisted his flag on the *Affondatore* and bore down upon the Austrian fleet under a heavy fire. The stern of the Austrian admiral's vessel was destroyed. The fight was very severe. We lost the iron-clad *Re d' Italia*, which the Admiral had left, and which sank from a collision with the enemy at the commencement of the battle.

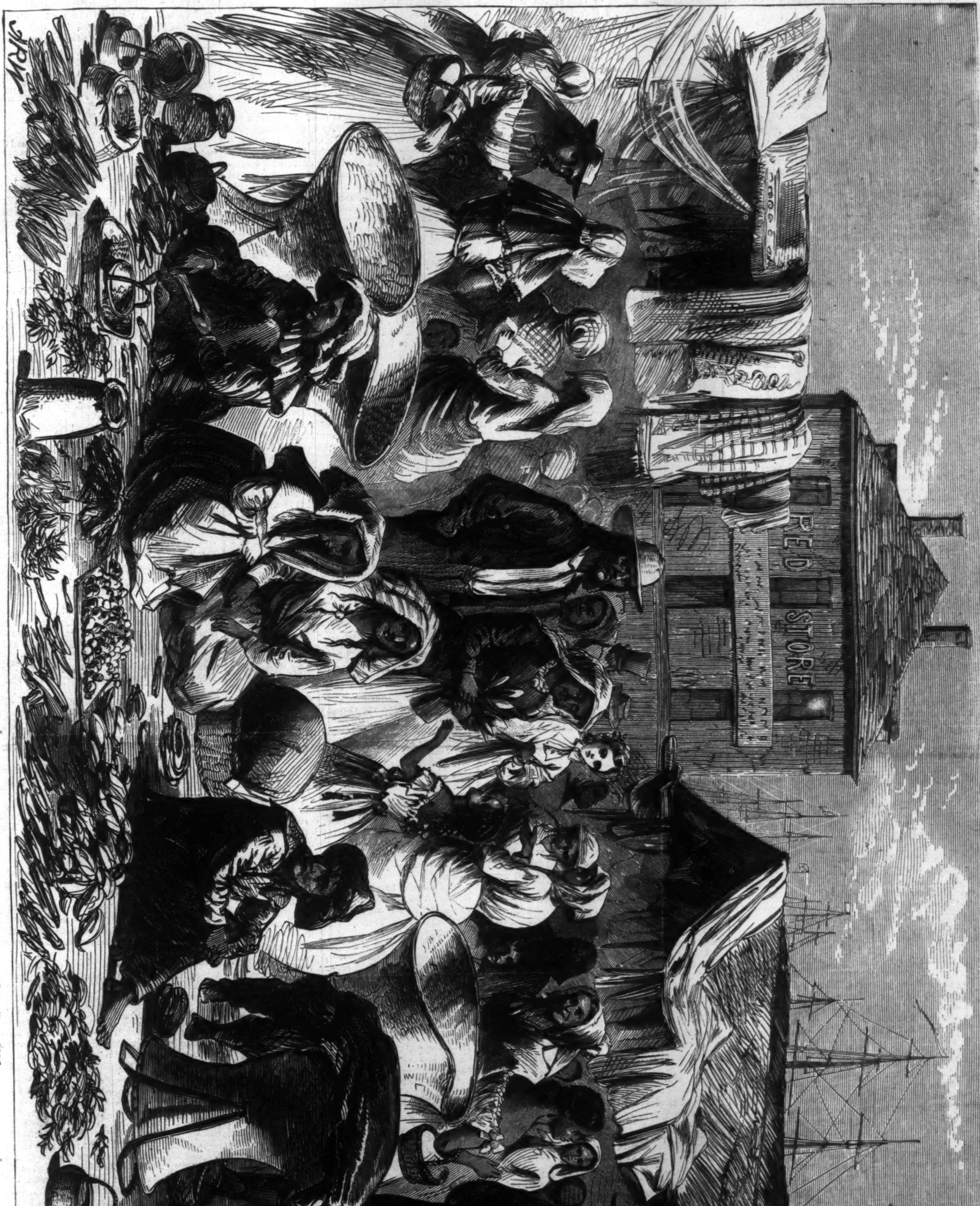
"The iron-clad gun-boat *Palestro* caught fire, and the commander and crew refused to leave the vessel. She blew up amidst their cries of 'Long live the King! Long live Italy!' No other vessel was lost or fell into the enemy's hands. The Admiral renewed the attack upon the Austrian squadron, which retired to Lesina, without waiting for our fleet to come up, and the Austrians continuing their retreat, the Italian squadron remained mistress of the scene of action. The damages sustained by the enemy are considerable." Further intelligence is expected. The crew of the *Re d' Italia* were nearly all picked up by the *Vittorie Emanuele*.

Further information received here (Florence) from Lissa reports that one Austrian man-of-war and two steamers were sunk by the fire of the Italian squadron.

Deputy Bozzio is stated to have been killed in the engagement.



THE EXCITEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS—VIEW ON ST. CHARLES STREET.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 526.]



SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS—THE FRENCH MARKET.—[Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 526.]

THE MURDERS AT SUNSET CANON.

I.

In 185- I was practicing law in Mariposa, California, with a friend and partner named Ichabod Thorne. We had a lucrative and free-and-easy time of it among the Mariposians and the wild, rough miners and cattle-raisers of the vicinity. The Vigilance Committee was then a thing of the past; there were rude court-houses, sheriffs, half-civilized policemen, and other formulas, and frequently honest attempts at the administration of justice, to be met with even at the foot of the Sierra Nevada; and consequently my profession found employment as the emergencies of the times arose. True, the Californians were still fond of taking justice in their own hands, and our prim, legal gallows was now and then robbed of its prey by the violence of the mob. But we were accustomed to regard such eccentricities good-naturedly, as arising from the mere force of habit, and were pretty well content so long as we could charge heavy fees, and have them paid in the bright yellow dust which was not only the cause of the presence, in that not very inviting region, of nine-tenths of the inhabitants, but also of nine-tenths of the crimes from which I reaped my own pecuniary harvest.

It was at the close of a pleasant showery Sunday, just at the commencement of the rainy season, which here endures for several months, that I sat in the "office" portion of our rude cabin in Mariposa, awaiting my partner's return. He had been visiting the Gonzagos, some very dear friends of ours, at Sunset Cañon. This locality was about thirty miles northeast of Mariposa, at the very foot of the towering Sierras, and was aptly and beautifully named, from the loveliness of the spot itself and the general grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

The cañon was the property of Santiago de Gonzago, who occupied it entirely as a ranche, and who was esteemed one of the best and wealthiest of the native Californians of that vicinity—perhaps of the entire country. He had a large number of peons in his employment, possessed more mules, sheep, and cattle than he could readily count, besides being interested in large quartz-mining claims further south, and the great castle-like building of adobe, where he resided with his wife and his daughter Inez, was quite a primitive place in its way. Gonzago was generally known throughout the country as "the Don."

Ever since our residence at Mariposa—a period of nearly two years—Thorne and I had been accustomed to spend our Sundays at the Gonzago Ranche, and months before this particular Sunday my handsome young partner had lost his heart, and was generally regarded as the accepted suitor of the fair Inez.

In the evening, late, Thorne came in from the Don's.

"You found them all well, of course?"

"Yes, and I had a jolly time. But have you heard the news?"

"None at all," I replied.

"Why that devil La Mort and his rangers are at work again. Only three days ago, in the Long Gully of the second ridge, four miners were murdered in their cabin, and all their 'loot' seized. Of course it was the work of that French fiend; for, you know, we heard of him being near Fort Miller only a week ago, and he was then on his way up the valley."

"Pshaw! it is absurd to ascribe half the murders in California to that poor devil of a Frenchman. He's bad enough, God knows, but he is not ubiquitous."

Despite my ridiculing his suspicions I must say I was somewhat alarmed at what I had heard, and was glad enough to be assured by my friend that he had persuaded the Don to use additional precautions in guarding his house. This "La Mort" was a French freebooter and murderer, who had for many months been the terror of San Joaquin valley and the Tulare district. I never heard his real name, nor exactly how he came by the terrible sobriquet by which he was widely known—for there were but few of his countrymen in California, and even the destroying band, of which he was the ostensible head, was mostly composed of Mexicans, with a few desperadoes from the jails and penitentiaries of the Eastern States. As is usually the case with criminals who are seldom seen, and who operate in wild and sparsely populated countries, this villain got credit for more rascalities than it would be possible for him to perform.

Just as we were preparing to turn in there was a knock at the door, and I admitted a stranger. The still falling rain, and consequent muddy ground, had hindered my hearing the approach of his horse, which I now perceived standing in front of the house. The stranger was a medium-sized, wiry-looking fellow, with short sandy whiskers, rather sinister green eyes, thoroughly dressed to meet the emergency of the weather, and with a certain official brusqueness in his manner and address. The moment I saw him I thought him to be a sheriff or sheriff's deputy from some neighboring county; and so, according to his own statement, he proved to be.

"Is this Mr. U——?" he said, gruffly, but with a sort of politeness in his tone, which also appeared to contain a slightly foreign accent.

I bowed assent, and he continued:

"Farceur is my name. I am the chief of the San Francisco detective force. You have doubtless heard of me before?"

I herewith surrendered my veracity to my desire to be polite by signifying that fame of Mr. Farceur, the famous San Francisco Detective, had penetrated far deeper into the interior than Mariposa.

"I am in the special employment at present," continued Mr. Farceur, "of a wealthy firm—Messrs. B—— & Co.—of San Francisco, for the capture of a notorious thief and scoundrel, through whom they have lost heavily. I was directed to call upon you and your partner by Mr. Stanwix, their attorney at law. Here is my badge."

Detective Farceur hereupon threw open his heavy riding-cloak and displayed an elaborately-mounted German-silver badge, or shield; but it scarcely needed this display, I thought, to determine the office of the wearer. In my professional capacity I had had to deal with numerous specimens of these gentry, and my present visitor's entire bearing was that of the Detective *par excellence*. Every word he uttered was given with that premeditated terseness which he would have displayed in the witness-box, while confronting the criminal whom he had hunted down to justice; he accompanied himself with explanatory gestures, and that keen, restless, half-evil green eye of his would dance about in his head from one object to another as he spoke till you thought that it could have no interest in the owner's words, while at the same time it appeared wonderfully wide-awake. As I received and made a mental note of these impressions almost immediately, and as I was well acquainted with Mr. Stanwix, the gentleman mentioned, and knew him to be in the employment of the San Francisco firm alluded to by my visitor, I shook the latter by the hand and asked him to take a seat before the fire. On second thoughts I invited him to partake of the evening meal, the remnants of which still covered the little table in the middle of the room. He accepted my hospitality without any profusion of thanks, and ate like a very hungry man; while Thorne, weary after his long ride, threw himself upon the bed in another corner of the room without undressing, and was soon sound asleep.

Detective Farceur signified that he intended to remain all night, if I had no objection, and, as I made none, all night he accordingly staid—only leaving the room long enough to stable and feed his horse in the rough shed which answered for that purpose immediately back of the house.

Farceur appeared to be very fond of talking, and he talked well. According to his own account his exploits in his peculiar branch of adventure were of a most marvelous character. He appeared to have spent his life in chasing thieves and forgers and murderers all over the inhabitable globe. I made a wide margin for every thing he said. Indeed, one or two of his yarns were, to my own knowledge, entirely without foundation; but then he was very entertaining, and, in fact, quite witty at times, so that I threw no cold water on his garrulity by letting him see that I knew him to be a liar. His powers of mimicry were also quite marvelous. By a sudden twist of his short, stumpy nose he would make himself appear nigh a century old, or another skillful arrangement of his features would give him the fresh, blooming appearance of a country clown; while his flexibility of voice accompanied his assumed characters to perfection.

It was some time before it occurred to me to ask him the object of his presence in Mariposa. Imagine my surprise when he coolly informed me that he was in search of the famous La Mort.

"La Mort!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that that villain can be captured?"

"There is one man in California who can and will capture him," said Farceur.

"And who may that be?"

"Modesty forbids me mentioning names," was the complacent reply.

"Oh! Ah!"

Then this intensely modest man proceeded to give me recitals of numerous desperate hand-to-hand encounters which he had had with the redoubtable freebooter, all of which bore marks, both chronologically and otherwise, of being strictly untrue. He heard my recital of Thorne's intelligence of the murder at Long Gully with an impassive countenance, and then said, knowingly tapping his nose with his forefinger, that he had known all about it hours before, and more too—a glaring falsehood, if his introductory assertion, that he had just come from San Francisco, were true.

Among other accomplishments of Detective Farceur his facility as a "pump" was something worthy of admiration. I had always flattered myself that I was peculiarly non-committal, even for a member of my profession, but before our conversation was concluded, I was mortified to find that my guest had actually pumped me dry. He knew all about my business, knew of my intimacy with the inhabitants of Sunset Cañon, knew of Thorne's visit there and recent return thence, and pretty much every thing else that could be of any interest. I was so chagrined at this that I was not displeased when he signified a desire to retire. Showing him to our "spare bed" in the back room of our shanty, I threw myself beside my partner, and was soon in a strange, grotesque dream, in which law-offices, robbers, murderers, and San Francisco detectives were senselessly jumbled up together; but not before several sonorous and healthy snores from the next room apprised me that Mr. Farceur was fast forgetting the fatigues of his long ride in the arms of nature's sweet restorer.

II.

We were all awakened rather early in the morning—that is, at about 9 o'clock, for we were not early risers—by a messenger from Gonzago's Ranche, who thundered at the door with noise enough to awaken the dead. I threw up the window hastily, and recognized the man below to be one of the Don's peons. He was standing at the door, with his face perfectly livid with apprehension and emotion, and the mule from which he had just dismounted was covered with foam and breathing hard.

"What is the matter, Antonio?" I exclaimed, dismayed at the man's horrified appearance; and at this moment Thorne also came to the casement, while I could hear my guest of the night before bustling about in the room behind me.

But the man was too breathless and terrified to speak. Thorne opened the door, and we soon had him inside, when he sank exhausted in a chair. A pull at my flask of whisky revived him, and he gasped faintly, "La Mort!"

"What's up, my man, what's up? Out with it!" said the bluff detective.

The man spoke English very imperfectly, and we had some difficulty in comprehending him.

"They're—they're murdered!" at last we made out.

"Murdered! who?"

"The Señor, Don de Gonzago!"

"Impossible!"

"Si, Señor, and both the others!"

"What!" almost shrieked Thorne; "not Inez? surely not Senora Inez?"

"Si, Señor! Oh, oh, oh!" and the poor man began to rock himself to and fro, and to groan and whine, old woman like, in the extremity of his terror.

Thorne's grief and rage at this horrible news was indescribable, and it scarcely exceeded my own. While this was being extracted, word by word, from the messenger, Mr. Farceur had said very little. He had sat in the midst of us, with a note-book in his hand, busily making memoranda, and watching every thing keenly with those little green eyes of his, but without displaying the least emotion. In spite of my grief and horror I could not withhold a sort of admiration for the utter impassibility of the detective under these trying circumstances. If he was a gasconade, he unquestionably at the same time possessed the best qualities of a good officer.

The intelligence spread through the town like wild-fire, and in a short time our little office was besieged by the curious and horror-loving of all sexes and ages, both American and Mexican. Detective Farceur took command of every thing with the ease of a man who understands a position, and knows how to take advantage of it. The people soon became aware of the nature of his office and the object of his visit to their town. They therefore looked upon him as their natural leader in this emergency, and I was glad enough to relinquish any responsibility which I might otherwise have been compelled to assume. In a short time upward of a dozen stalwart and eager men were mounted in front of my office, waiting for us to accompany them on the pursuit of La Mort and his gang; for at first no one doubted that this redoubtable wretch was the author of all the mischief. The influence of Gonzago, his wealth, and the general esteem in which he was held, served to render this tragedy doubly important, and every one appeared to be anxious to do something toward achieving the ends of justice.

When we were about to start Detective Farceur, in his most consequential manner, called together a sort of council-of-war in the office. He was hardly the same man, in appearance, of the night before. A hideous black patch concealed one of his twinkling green eyes, and he wore a black wig of vast and voluminous proportions. This, he explained, with a knowing wink from his remaining green eye, was for the purpose of deceiving La Mort and his comrades, to many of whom he professed to be personally known.

"Gentlemen"—said the wiry detective, with another knowing wink, and with the air of a Major-General addressing the members of his staff on the eve of an offensive movement requiring peculiar strategy—"Gentlemen, you have all got but vague notions of the interior workings of this great crime; while I, from my professional habits of quick, comprehensive, and lynx-eyed observation, have already grasped all the circumstances of the case, and now know all about it. This murder has been the work of no marauding band—no violent operation, you see; but it is the perpetration of one individual—two at the utmost. Is La Mort the chief actor? Perhaps he is; and, again, perhaps he isn't. Do not let us be blindly governed by our unruly prejudices. Let us first look among ourselves, and see if there is no one at whom the long, marble, unerring finger of suspicion may point. Will any of you gentlemen oblige me with the loan of a pair of wrist-bands—you understand, hand-cuffs, of course?"

As Detective Farceur approached the conclusion of this rather egotistical speech his single restless green eye rested steadfastly upon my friend and partner, Ichabod Thorne. The hand-cuffs were speedily forthcoming, and the detective examined them with a critical eye, lightly jingling the two bracelets against each other. Apparently satisfied of their soundness he approached Thorne with a sinister smile and said, delicately, "Allow me, Sir?"

I could not forbear smiling at what appeared to be the humor of the detective. Thorne, however, still laboring under the terrible stroke which had visited him, was in no humor for jest or play, and roughly put out both hands to repulse the detective. But, to our amazement, there were just two little clicks, and Thorne found himself securely handcuffed.

"Take them off, you cursed fool!" he growled, with an oath. "This is no time for fooling!"

"I agree with you perfectly," said Mr. Detective Farceur, of San Francisco, "and that is just the reason why I am not fooling. I never fool during business hours."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Thorne, his face now fairly white with anger.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Detective Farceur, very coolly disregarding the question, and turning to the rest of us; "gentlemen, excuse my abruptness, but business is business. Mind what I say; I do not accuse this gentleman of having murdered three innocent, helpless human beings. All I mean to say is, that a reasonable amount of suspicion rests upon his head; and experience has taught me that when suspicion rests upon a man, guilty or not guilty, grab him; for you may need him in the future."

Thorne here quietly suppressed his rage and put on the air of a man who is compelled, for a certain length of time, to be bored by a buffoon.

"Come, come," said I, getting angry also; "let us have done with this farce, and be off!" And at the same time a number of others, likewise regarding the matter in the light of an unseasonable joke, began to show signs of impatience.

"Farce!" exclaimed the detective with some dignity; "gentlemen, this is no farce. This gentleman" (indicating Thorne by a motion of his head) "visited the scene of the murder yesterday and returned here last night at half past ten o'clock. Is *that* no ground of suspicion?"

"No, certainly not!" said half a dozen voices in concert.

"Very good, gentlemen," resumed the detective, cool as before; "but do you see those two little specks of blood on the shirt-sleeve of the prisoner; and that one big spot of the same sanguineous, red current of life on his buckskin boots? Are those, gentlemen, no grounds of suspicion?"

We all looked curiously at the portion of Thorne's dress indicated (and none more curiously than the prisoner himself), and we made no answer, for there, sure enough, were the red, dark stains which blood alone can leave. Thorne saw them also, and was considerably confused.

"Gentlemen, do you see this?" continued the detective; "is this no ground of suspicion?" and with these words, with a quick, dextrous movement, he put his hand in my partner's bosom and drew forth a long dagger, the bright blade of which was slightly dimmed with dry blood. "Perhaps," continued Farceur, "some of you gentlemen may have seen this little sticker before. At any rate the jewels in the hilt are alone worth a small fortune; and what is this engraved upon the blade?" He looked at it attentively, and read in slow, distinct tones, "Santiago de Gonzago, from his friend Pedro de Carlemo, 1834."

Thorne looked absolutely stunned with surprise and alarm. We had all seen the dagger before, and there was a general shrinking from my partner's side. I alone remained near, perfectly confident of his being the victim of some villainous trick. A further search of the prisoner, who submitted quietly, produced the following memorandum, hastily scrawled in lead-pencil on the fly leaf of his note book:

"*Ten steps northward from the great pine-tree; then twelve steps eastward into the chaparral; stop and dig.*"

"Do any of you gentlemen happen to know of a particular pine-free at or near the place of the murder?"

Yes, we knew of an enormous pine just outside of Gonzago's residence, for it had long ago been considered as a kind of landmark for travelers from the West to the quartz mines of the Sierras.

"Then, gentlemen," resumed the detective, "we may at once proceed to Sunset Cañon. If I am not much mistaken we shall find some treasure in close proximity to that big pine-tree."

"Wait," said I. "Let me see that paper." I took it and examined it closely. It was written in a hasty, trembling hand, but I had no hesitation in declaring that it was not in my friend's handwriting.

"I hope that is so, Sir," said Farceur, with a shake of his head, as much as to say that he did not believe what I asserted. "I hope that is so, Sir; but then, you know, when a man is excited, and in a hurry, and perhaps in the dark, he isn't always particular how he writes, you know."

If an angel had leaned from the sky and proclaimed my friend's guilt in trumpet tones I would have disbelieved it. Thorne himself was now perfectly self-possessed, and seemed resolved to take every thing easily. The only explanation he deigned to offer was, that he was the victim of a malicious trick, which would soon be exposed, and its perpetrator properly punished. But it was not without great alarm that I noticed the impression which the detective's words had made upon the wild, rough characters who thronged my office. They did not know Thorne so well as they did me, and now they eyed him with scowls of suspicion and positive hatred; while Dan Mifflin, a gigantic miner, who was the bully and most disreputable character of the community, placed one hand upon his revolver, and with the other made a rapid and ominous motion under his chin, accompanied by a strange sound in his throat, indicative of the operation of a hempen cravat.

Nevertheless, no violence was offered, and in a few minutes we all started for the cañon; I riding by my friend to assist him in managing his horse, as he had but little use of his hands on account of the handcuffs.

We reached the cañon fully three hours before sunset, and found the rather numerous population of the ranche in a state of great excitement, the women and children standing about in the sun in whispering groups. Of course our arrival, when the object of our visit was made known, was a subject of much interest. We entered the kind of rude court-yard of the ranche, and soon commenced our inspection. The principal building, in which the murdered Don and his family had resided, was a large one-storied affair, with plain, rough walls of adobe, and comprising some five or six apartments. The superstitious peons had made no attempt to remove the dead bodies, which were lying just where they had been found in the morning. I was even more alarmed when I saw the expressions of distrust and hatred with which they eyed my shackled friend when they learned from some of our party the nature of the improvised examination which had resulted in his being ironed by Farceur. As we entered the house of death, with the detective at our head, we were followed by numbers of peons, who, with other ignorant classes, still adhere to the superstition that if a murderer touch the corpse of his victim his guilt will be inevitably proven by a sudden gush of blood from the wounds he has inflicted. Thorne bore himself even better than I had expected; for I feared that he would be completely overcome by the sight of his murdered friends, and that his emotion would augment the disfavor in which he was already viewed.

I will not dwell upon the sickening details of this ghastly spectacle. The first bedchamber we entered contained the dead bodies of Gonzago and his wife. The former had probably been slain in his sleep, and had barely stirred after receiving the deep stab which had penetrated his heart. The wife had probably been awakened in time to grapple once or twice ineffectually with the murderer, as the body bore a number of wounds, and its strained, unnatural position on the floor indicated that its owner had sprang or been dragged from the couch. In order to satisfy the Mexicans and one or two of our own party, Thorne took each of the dead bodies by the hand and gazed long and

earnestly in their ghastly faces; this action, of course, being followed by none of the anticipated gush of blood from the now cold wounds.

I pitied him sincerely at the conclusion of this trying ordeal—that is, in that portion of it where we visited the chamber of the murdered Inez, whom he had loved with all the affection of a strong and earnest disposition. The poor girl had also, probably, never awakened to the cruel blow which had deprived her of life. She had received two stabs, both in the breast, and either one of them sufficient to have effected immediate death; and the body was now lying in an easy posture on the couch, with a pleasant, natural expression on the pale, beautiful, upturned countenance, whose loveliness, after the eyes had been closed, was not in the least distorted by the violence of the agent that destroyed her. Almost every one knew of Thorne's former intimacy, and he was narrowly watched as he approached the bed. His grief was simple and noble. He knelt down, and silently wept upon the cold, dead hand, while one or two of those strong, terrible sobs, which can only be wrung from a brave, manly heart, escaped him; a moment more and he was himself again, and upon his feet. His action here would have created a favorable impression in sticks and stones; but Mexican peasantry are duller than sticks, and the prejudices of wild, rough miners, ever searching morbidly for "examples" to terrify criminals, are much more insensate than the hardest granite; so my friend was looked upon with increased dislike and suspicion.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the numerous unnecessary and even ridiculous examinations carried on by Mr. Detective Farceur during that afternoon and evening; but they all went to prove to every one but myself that La Mort was a myth, and that Thorne was the guilty man. I confess that my faith in his innocence was for a moment staggered when, upon following the written instructions which had been found in his vest pocket, we dug for the treasure in the chaparral, and disclosed a casket, known to be the Don's property, containing several thousand dollars in gold checks and coin, together with some papers which, however, could be of no value to any one but Gonzago himself. My confidence in my friend's innocence immediately returned upon serious reflection; for the house had been robbed of valuables to ten times the amount discovered in the casket, and it was extremely improbable that the robber would keep a memorandum of only the most insignificant portion of the plunder. But this argument met with no favor with Detective Farceur and the rest.

"You see, there may have been other memoranda that we missed," said the detective, cocking that little green eye of his. "Certainly there is one thing to be done, and one only. Your *friend* [emphasizing the word *friend*] must be consigned to the jail at Mariposa—that is, if we *get* him there."

There was something ominous in the tone in which the latter portion of this sentence ("if we *get* him there") was spoken, and did not by any means serve to diminish my anxiety. The next morning—we passed the night at the ranche, with Thorne under a strong guard—the building in which we were quartered was beset by a mob of nearly two hundred Mexicans—peons of the murdered man, and others, who had gathered from far and near—led by two or three "white men," prominent among whom was the Dan Mifflin before referred to. They were greatly infuriated, and demanded the instant surrender of the prisoner to their vengeance. To my very great surprise Detective Farceur was rather lukewarm in his resistance of the mob. He talked a great deal about summary justice, sniffled about the law being exceedingly lax, and looked with servile obsequiousness upon the ignorant ruffians who were most conspicuous and clamorous. Luckily there were six of our party upon whom I could depend. They were stout, hardy, honest fellows, rude miners from the mountains, some of whom were under personal obligations to me, and I placed myself at their head with confidence.

The door was securely barred in a few seconds, and the first blow against it was struck by the ruffian Mifflin, armed with an axe. I appeared at the casement, revolver in hand, and resolved to act promptly.

"If you strike that door once more," said I, addressing Mifflin, "I will put a bullet through your heart!"

"Two can play at that game!" exclaimed the villain, and, swerving back, he dropped his axe and clutched a revolver.

I instantly discharged my pistol, and, with an oath and a cry of pain, his right arm dropped nerveless at his side, broken and splintered at the elbow. The crowd at his back commenced to advance with waving knives and pistols, and I saw that no time was to be lost. Calling upon my six men to prepare for fight, I unbarred the door, swung it open, and went out, still retaining my pistol in my hand, ready for further use.

"What do you want?" I asked, and they knew by my tone of voice that I was not to be trifled with.

"We want to hang that bloody-minded *friend* of yours!" cried Phil Massey, another desperado from the coast. His reply was hailed with fierce shouts and yells from the motley crew around him.

"You must prove him guilty before you hang him," I said, coolly. "He will be imprisoned and regularly tried at Mariposa, and, if found guilty, he will be hung—not before. *You* hang him, you dirty, contemptible cut-throats. Would you hang him the way you strung up poor Rollin, for the murder he never committed, last spring? Would you hang him as you did that wretched Jew peddler, only a month ago, when his innocence was proved, and the real criminal arrested, before his body was cold? Look at your leaders now, you infernal fools! Dan Mifflin there owes his neck to the noose for the murder of two Indians on the Kern River, less than a year ago; Phil Massey there, beat a Mexican woman to death at the Los Angeles fandangoes; and the dirty thief next to him has twice escaped the penalty for horse-stealing! *You* hang him! There are six true men behind me, armed to the teeth; and for my character, you know it well enough. The first man who advances a step for the purpose of violence is a dead man! Come on, if you want fight!"

This address had even a better effect than I had anticipated. My whole party filed out of the building, with revolvers cocked and ready for use, and the demonstration of the mob ceased almost on the instant, the Mexicans composing it sheathing their weapons, and slinking away to their huts, and all the Americans, except the three especially complimented in my little speech, coming toward us, and looking considerably ashamed of themselves. I cared nothing for the defection of Mifflin and his brother ruffians; and, after giving Mr. Detective Farceur a brief lecture, which probably did not materially increase his self-esteem, the whole party were soon mounted, and riding homeward, with the prisoner in our midst. In about three hours and a half he was safely lodged, under strong guard, in the old stone-building which answered for the Mariposa jail.

III.

There was not much "red tape" in the process of a California criminal trial in those days. The judge was on hand early, the prosecuting attorney "rushed" his case with careless rapidity, and witnesses for either side were rattled off without an excess of circumlocution. Through my influence, which was considerable, the trial of Thorne lasted more than one day—an unusual thing at that time.

I confess that I was downhearted at the conclusion of the first day. Detective Farceur was the principal witness, and he talked to the jury for about three hours on the stretch. Every thing looked black for my friend, in whose innocence I never ceased to firmly believe. The Judge, Mr. Y——, who was very friendly to us both, also confessed that there was little hope. The first day had been entirely occupied with the prosecution, and the night found me racking my brains in order to contrive some kind of substantial defense to be forthcoming on the morrow, when a strange chance threw the means of completely vindicating my friend's honor directly across my path.

It had rained during the day, but the night was calm and lovely, with a wealth of moonlight, when I walked restlessly toward the banks of the little river, in a vain endeavor to obtain some mental repose. As I drew near the scrub-oaks which grew thickly on the margin of the stream I caught the sound of voices engaged in low but angry altercation. A strange feeling, which I had never experienced before, impelled me to approach and listen. Using great care, I got very near to the speakers without being discovered, and there listened to a conversation carried on in French which riveted me to the spot with mingled emotions of amazement and delight. Two horrible criminals were discussing villainies of the past and planning new ones for the future; and the voice of one of them was clearly recognizable. I only listened for a very few minutes, and then returned swiftly and silently to my office, with a mountain of anxiety removed from my breast.

On the following morning the rude court-room was even more densely thronged than on the preceding day. The Judge was on the bench, the jury in their places, and every thing ready for work when I entered the room. Thorne, who had been considerably depressed on the preceding day, quickly caught the reflex of my beaming countenance and brightened up amazingly; while the jurymen yawned, as though they would have gladly pronounced a verdict of "guilty" at once, without waiting for a long-winded argument from me.

"Are you ready with your defense, Mr. Y——?" inquired the Judge.

"I will be in a moment, Sir, as soon as some friends of mine arrive," I replied. "And here they are."

At that moment the room was invaded by twelve men, armed to the teeth, who, as previously arranged, posted themselves in different portions of the room so as to effectually guard all modes of exit. Even the two windows, though placed high above the floor, were not neglected. The prosecuting attorney made a great splutter about this "high-handed proceeding," as he was pleased to denominate it, and even the Judge requested an explanation in a rather abrupt manner. But I assured his Honor, and every one present, that, before I finished my defense, the wisdom of the "high-handed proceeding" would be made manifest to all.

I then took up the case and gave the learned Judge the benefit of a harangue, which I purposely spun out to ridiculous length, and in which I viewed all of the phases of the evidence for the prosecution in a hundred lights, and weighed them with the finesse of a miser counting his hoard. The prosecuting attorney at first gaped, then yawned, and then fretted and fumed; and, at last, even the Judge lost patience and said, rather pettishly: "This is entirely unnecessary, Mr. U——; your remarks produce no effect upon the jury. If you have any witnesses produce them."

"I have but one, your Honor."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Detective Farceur, of San Francisco."

Every one appeared to be considerably astonished at this, but none more so than the detective himself. He was still disguised by the hideous black patch, but his one sharp, little green eye twinkled nervously as he once more mounted the witness-stand, which was only an arm's-length from my own position. The reader must remember that the scene and conversation which I am about to describe occurred in California in the year 185-, and not in a very formal court of justice.

Q. "Mr. Farceur, how long have you been a detective policeman?"

A. "About twenty years, off and on."

Q. "Where were you on the night of the murder which Mr. Thorne is accused of having committed?"

A. "On my way to this place from the West. I arrived at your office on that night."

Q. "Are you sure you did not come from the northeast instead of the west?"

A. "Very sure I did not."

Q. "Mr. Farceur, do you speak French?"

A. "Imperfectly."

Q. "You spoke it very fluently in your conversation with a fellow-villain among the scrub-oaks on the river-bank last night."

The detective started as if he had received a load of buck-shot. His little green eye shrank so far back in his head that it looked like a shining glass-bead, and he gave other indications of being decidedly ill at ease. My remaining queries were short and sweet.

Q. "Mr. Detective, did you never go by any other name than 'Farceur?'"

A. "No, Sir."

Q. "I think you have. Suppose you let the Judge and jury see your face. I will assist you."

With that I reached my hand out very quickly, and with two motions deprived the witness of his eye-patch, of his false whiskers, and of two cunning wigs, which made a great alteration in his personal appearance. He now stood forth a clean-shaven, black-haired villain, with crime stamped legibly upon every lineament.

"Now, Mr. Detective Farceur," I resumed, "are you sure there is not another name by which you are best known, and to which you are accustomed to answer?"

"No," he replied doggedly, "I know of none."

"But I know your name perfectly," I persisted, "and I want these people to know it. It is La Mort!"

The effect of these words, spoken in a loud voice, was magical. As one man every person in the court-room sprang to his feet. The counterfeit detective looked about wildly, and then, drawing a knife from his bosom, cleared the inclosure at a bound, and rushed to the door. But in an instant he was knocked down and dragged back to the stand.

It is scarcely worth while for me to dwell upon the summary manner in which I proved him, out of his own mouth, to be the murderer of the Gonzago family, and to be none other than the dreaded La Mort. He was hung the next morning in the open plaza, in the presence of several thousand people. I never could exactly fathom his motives for the plot by which he so nearly succeeded in procuring the execution of an innocent man; but, of course, the golden god must have had something to do with it. Lynch law was not so popular in Mariposa county for a number of years thereafter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a man in Pennsylvania who is so forgetful of countenances that his wife is obliged to keep a wafer stuck to the end of her nose in order that he may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then he occasionally makes a mistake.

CABLE-ENDS.

Why is a happy husband like the Atlantic Cable?—Because he is spliced to his *Heart's Content*.

'Tis said the present success of the Ocean Telegraph was in the fact that the directors never lost sight of the "*great end*" of their undertaking from the start.

The greatest "wire-puller" of modern times—Cyrus W. Field.

On the arrival of the *Great Eastern* at Newfoundland the sailors unanimously declared that the whole thing was "*played out;*" and during the passage they held an indignation meeting, at which loud shouts of "*Down with the Cable!*" were heard.

Shall we call Mr. Field an aristocrat because he is so very proud of his "*connections?*"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Grundy, "and so they have put telegraph poles all the way 'cross the ocean! I shouldn't wonder if they tried a pontoon bridge next."

When is a lawyer like a horse?—When he lives by Gray's Inn Fields.

Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause.—After keeping them wondering for a while, he said: "The reason is, because there are more of them."

SIGNS.

It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in the windows.

It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow. It is a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of the cellar.

It is a good sign to see a woman dressing with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her finery.

It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the paper. It is a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school. It is a bad sign to see them educated at the evening school in the street.

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice found all right except one hammer. "Oh, don't be troubled, my honey," said his Irish porter. "Sure the nager took it out to open the hogshead with."

A poor man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken a remedy, replied: "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic."

A CABLE-ISTIC LAY.

They've gone and done it!—spite of *croak*,
The cable's laid at last;
VICTORIA and our JONATHAN
Are now made doubly "fast!"

A golden wedding may it prove,
Without or flaw or cracks;
Sea-mented by *dear* thrilling lines,
Where once they'd only "smacks!"

A tie that Time shall never break,
Since Time must fly the course—
Lick'd out by Lightning and the *clique*
Of that remorseless Morse.

A New-found-land the twain have found
Near this new continent;
Had ever "Sparks" a fairer FIELD,
Near to their "Heart's-Content?"

August affair! It augurs well,
This tie of shore to shore;
'Tis Brunel's tunnel, wire-drawn—
And not so great a bore.

Great Eastern, and ye battle-ships,
Ye know not what ye do!
That tiny thread of talking wire
Shall whisper "Peace!" to you—

To Earth—to Man! Old Sol himself
May go and rest his team;
A thousand miles an hour's too "slow"
To chase a telegram!

Your cod-fish aristocracy—
Grand-Bank-ers, met to dine—
E-cod, they're taken all aback
By such a shocking "line."

Your "Bulls" and "Bears" may pitch and toss,
But win no more their games;
Bear-haven keeps the Bulls at Bay,
By hearing all their schemes.

Then here's a cheer for Samuel Morse,
His aiders and abettors!
He hatch'd the little errand-bird—
But Hughes taught him his letters.

"More servants wait on Man"—still more—
Above—below—around;
Winds, water, vapor, fire!—what next?
Look *up!* The answer's found.

The age of wonders still is ours;
To Do is but *to Dare!*
Soon, soon shall Man, with wizard power,
Triumphant RIDE THE AIR!

The saying of a White Mountain stage-driver to a New Yorker sitting with him, "I s'pose if I went to New York I should gawk around as you folks do up here?" is not bad.

A man in Hartford advertised recently that, on receipt of a certain sum, he would by return mail instruct any applicant how to make a fortune. His directions were: "Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and always be ready to pick up a stray chicken."

The Cairo *Democrat* thus poetizes the latest agony of hoops:

"These hoops are like the poet Gray;
This you at once can see;
For they, as Gray did, show the world
A handsome L-E-G."

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?—To keep a check upon his stomach.

What is that which can often be found where it is not?—Fault.

When has a man four hands?—When he doubles his fists.

Funny-sounding drums—Conundrums. A good one is very hard to beat.

"PARTY TIES."—White Chokers.

"How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but unsophisticated old lady; "it only takes two seconds to fight a duel!"

A man out West says that he moved so often during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at his gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

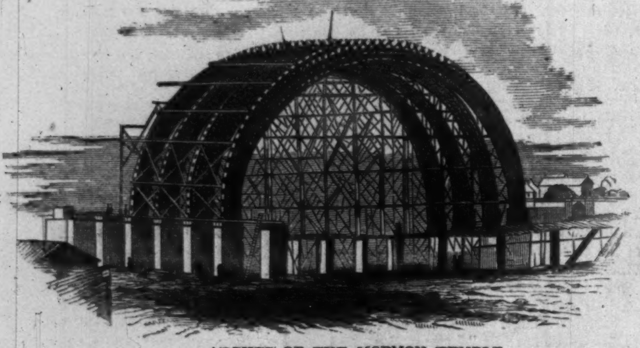
Josh Billings says he has got a good recollection, but not a good memory. He recollects having lost ten dollars the other night, but don't remember where he lost it.

RATHER MORE THAN A BETTER HALF.

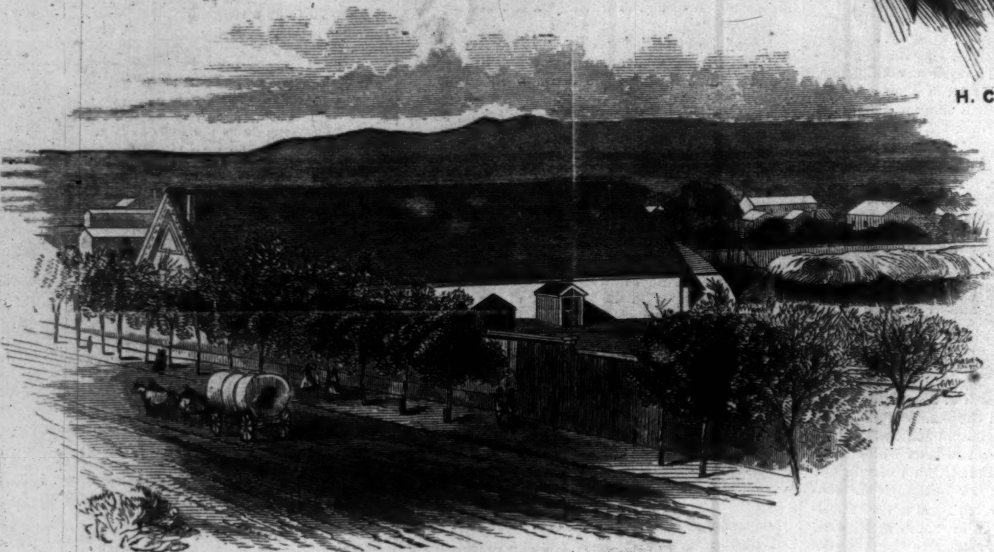
Mr. Meek. "I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE TO-NIGHT, DEAR. DON'T SIT UP FOR ME."

Wife of his Bosom. "I WON'T! I SHALL COME FOR YOU!"

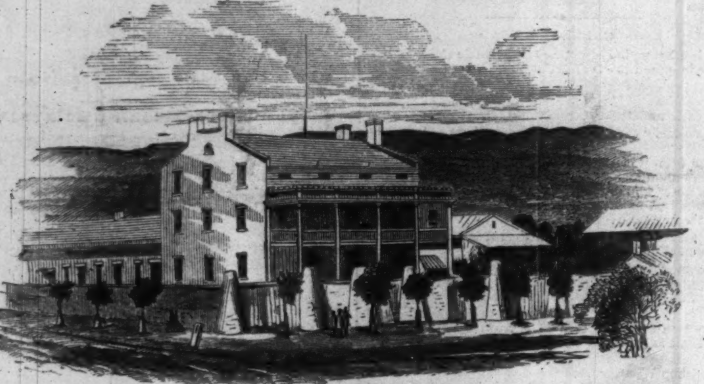
[*Mr. M. is home by* 10.30.



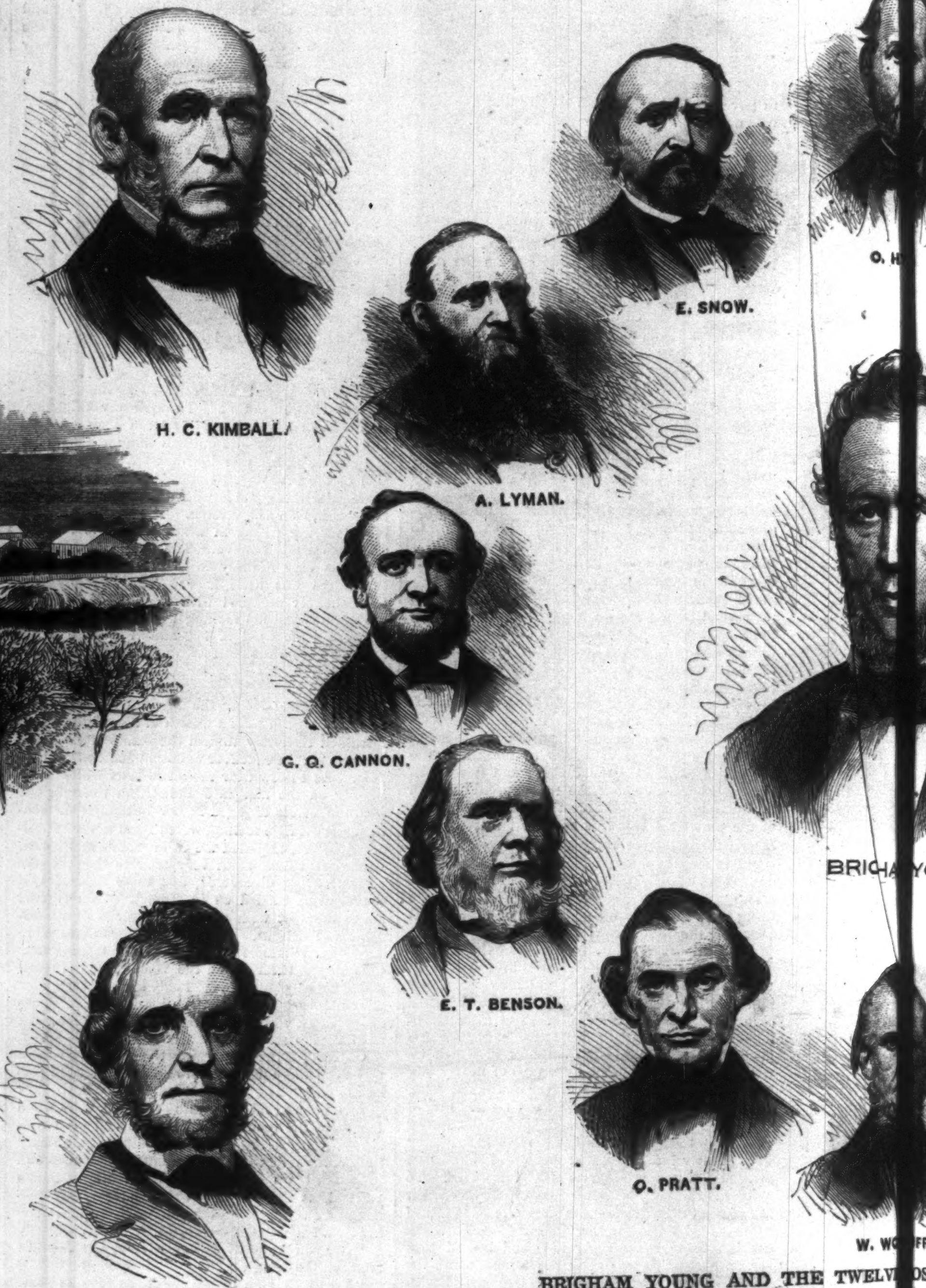
ARCHES OF THE MORMON TEMPLE.



THE TABERNACLE.

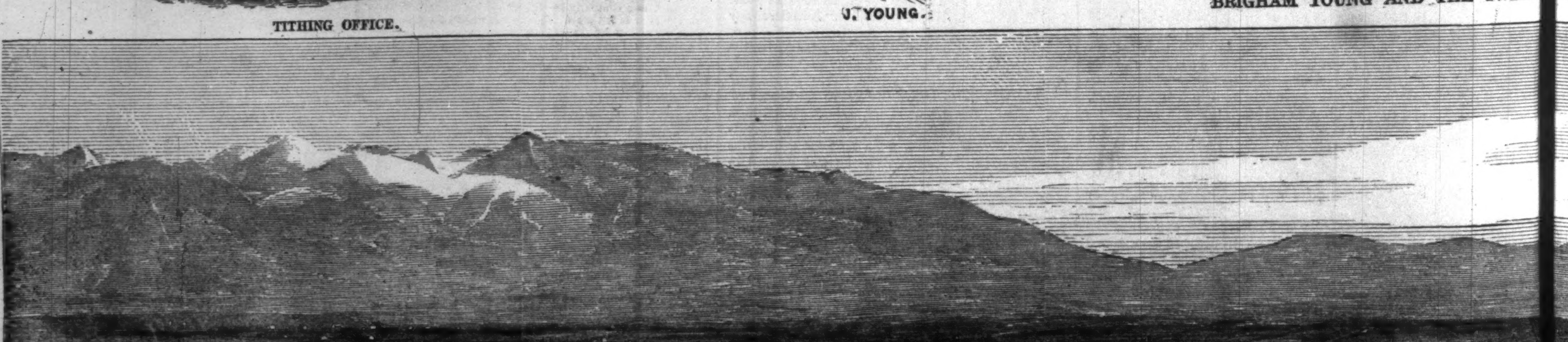


TITHING OFFICE.



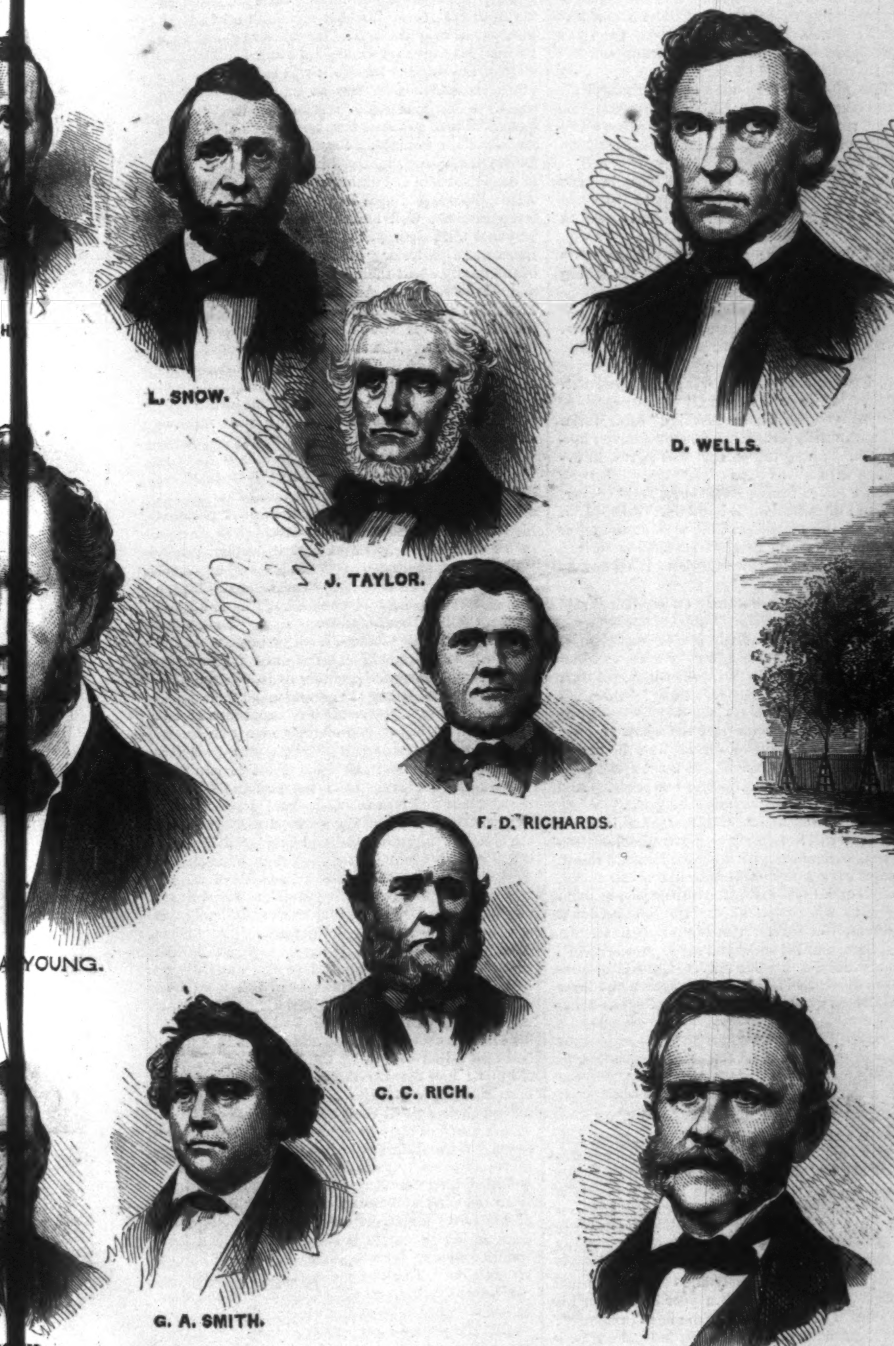
H. C. KIMBALL. E. SNOW. A. LYMAN. G. Q. CANNON. E. T. BENSON. J. YOUNG. O. PRATT. O. H W. WO BRIGHA

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE TWELVE



Wahsatch Mountains.
Brigham Young's Stables, Blacksmith's Shop, School-house, Bee-hive House, Printing-office, and Lion House.
Heber C. Kimball's Residence.
D. H. Wells's Residence.
"Deseret News" Office.
East T

THE CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH.—



H

L. SNOW.

D. WELLS.

J. TAYLOR.

F. D. RICHARDS.

A YOUNG.

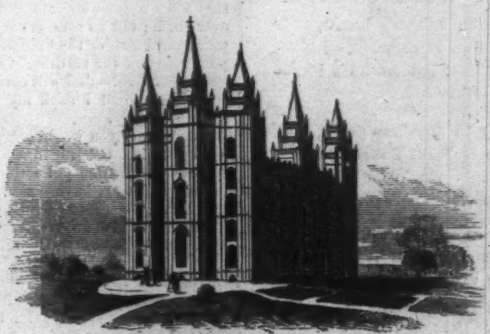
C. C. RICH.

G. A. SMITH.

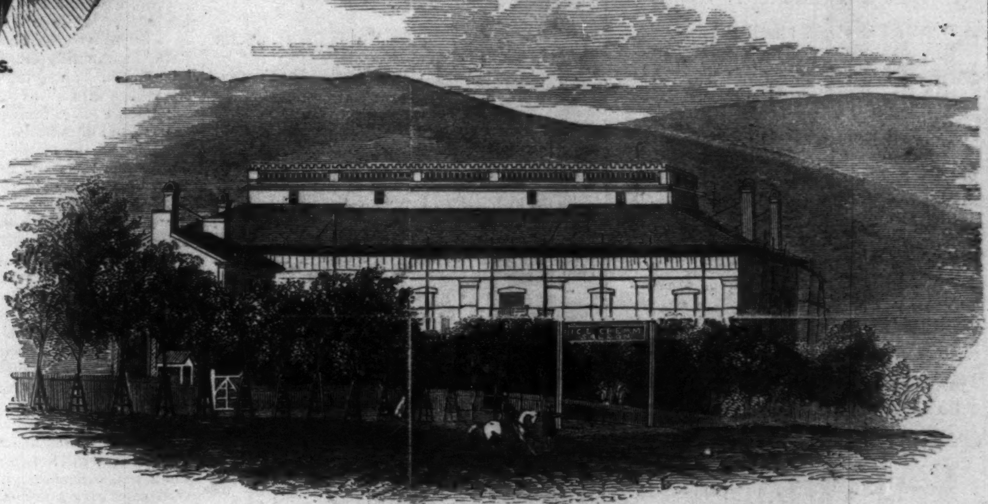
HUNTER.

OFF.

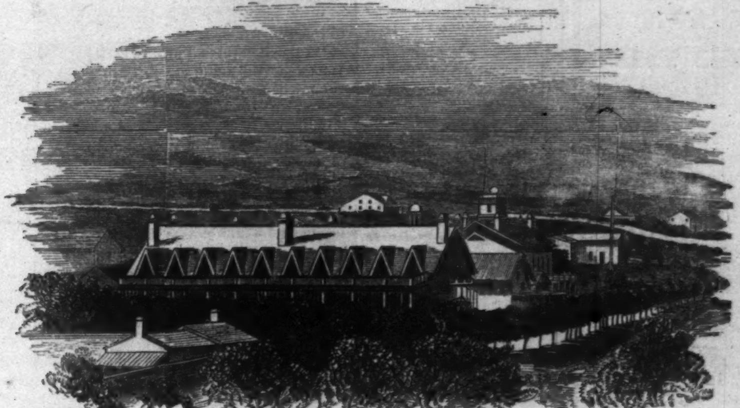
OSTLES OF THE MORMON CHURCH.



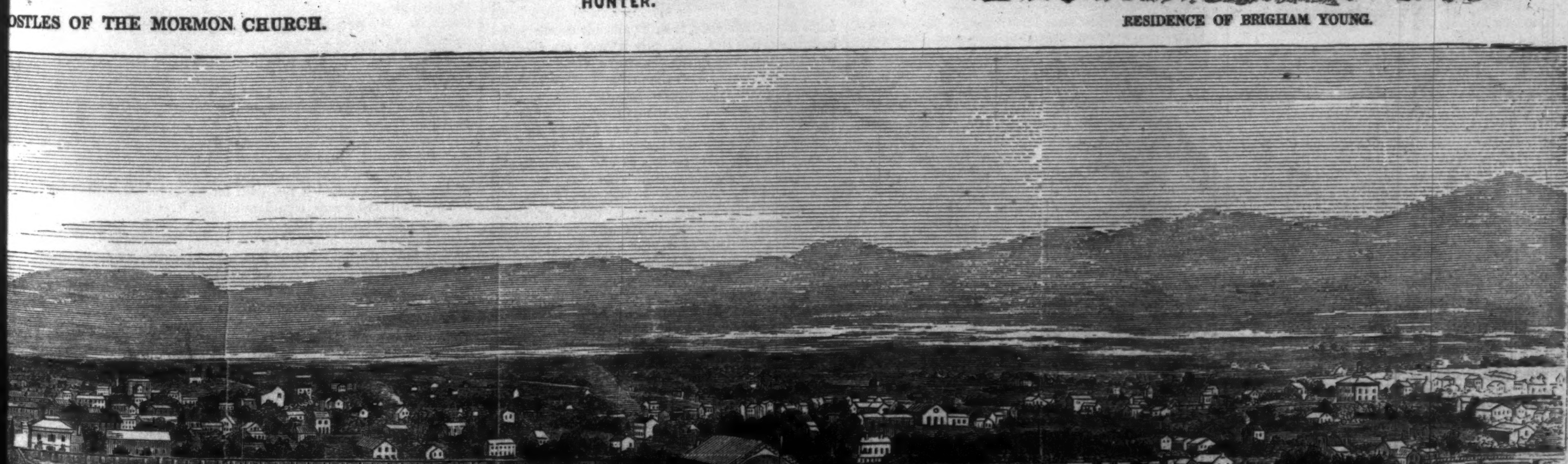
THE MORMON TEMPLE WHEN COMPLETED.



THE NEW THEATRE.



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.



eet. Council-house. Foundation of the Temple. Tabernacle now in use. Oquirrh Mountains. Endowment House. Court-house.

Photographs by Savage & Ottinger, Salt Lake City.—[See Page 513.]

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A babe at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
Forever hers till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shelt'ring breast,
Forever freed from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was the prettiest work possible to sow those seeds. First of all, Sam went over the lists carefully, studying Mr. Vick's Catalogue, and laying aside all those seeds which were perfectly hardy, and therefore might be sowed in the open ground. A few of the half-hardy kinds must also wait, because they would not bear transplanting; while two or three hardy ones must be sowed in pots, because, unless transplanted, they would not come to their full double perfection.

The next thing was to choose out flower-pots—to find how many would go in each little green-house box—or rather, how many *must* go, to hold the different kinds of seeds, and then to pick them out of such a size as the box would hold. Then in the bottom of each, over the little round hole, Sam laid a bit of a broken flower-pot, and over that several more bits. That was for "drainage," he told the children; the first bit to keep the earth from running all away through the hole, and the rest to prevent its ever getting sodden and clogged beneath the plants. Then the pots must all be filled with the prepared earth—not quite full, but within an inch or so of the top; and here the new trowels came in play. It was charming work to take up a trowelful of the earth and pour it carefully into a flower-pot! and Sam showed the children how to shake it down, and pick off all the lumps from the surface, so as to leave a smooth, soft, even place for the seeds. But to put them in, and cover them, and press down the earth again, was really a work of art. For the seeds were of such different sizes! Here were Clover's hyacinth beans, large, stout things, that looked quite able to take care of themselves; and here was the petunia seed, so small and fine that it seemed as if a puff of wind might blow it all away. Lily's canna seeds, too, must be soaked in hot water; and every thing must have a label; so, altogether, it was quite a complicated affair.

"Mr. Vick says," remarked Sam, "that about as good a rule as can be given for planting seeds is to cover them twice the depth of their own diameter."

"But what's their diameter?" said Prim.

"The distance straight through the seed, from one side to the other."

"Dear me! but we can't measure," said Lily.

"No, you must look well at the seed and guess—measure by eye."

"I could measure these," said Clover, handling her hyacinth beans; "but some of the seeds are so *very* little, Sam!"

"Well, those smallest of all you don't cover at all," said her brother; "or, at least, only in this way: See! you make the earth just as smooth and soft and even as you can all over the top, and then you sprinkle the seeds very thinly on it—so."

"Why don't you sprinkle them thick?" said Lily.

"Because if the plants come up too thick they will be crowded and weak," said Sam; "and then you would have to thin them out, and so throw away a great many plants. And that is troublesome and disagreeable. There, Lily, scatter just a few of your petunia seeds on the earth. Now if they were larger we would scatter or sift some earth over them; but as they are so very small you can take your hand, or the bottom of this other flower-pot, and press the earth and seeds gently down together. There!—that will cover them sufficiently."

"Where shall I stick my label?—in the middle?" said Lily.

"Why no! you would poke down ever so many seeds with it. Stick it in close at the edge of the pot, and next time put it in before you sow the seeds. But stay, have you written on it?"

"Yes. Oh, I guess it will do," said Lily, yielding the label with an unwilling hand. Sam looked at it and shook his head. Lily had written first a very large P, which took up so much of the little slip of wood that the following letters were quite matter of conjecture, and, indeed, she could get no further than the second syllable.

"How are you going to know that from pinks?" said Sam, whittling the letters off with his knife. "Don't try to write too much on a little label like this. If I were you I would put only numbers—write No. 1 on this label, and then No. 1 on the bag of petunia seed."

"What an excellent plan!" said Clover. "But wouldn't ink be better?"

"Ink would run on this soft wood. No, the pencil-marks will last long enough, if they're made on a smooth surface; but if you wanted them *never* to wear out, then the way is to brush over the label with a little white lead, such as painters use, and write on it while it is wet with this same pencil; and then you would have an indelible label."

So the planting went on with great zeal and success; and the little paper bags grew empty, and the green-house boxes grew full of pots; and the children were brimming with a delight that could hardly even talk in its rapt excitement.

"Why should I sow only part of my pinks here?" inquired Lily, in answer to some counsel of Sam's.

"Because, if these should not do well, you would have some seed left to try again," replied Sam.

"Then I'd better save some of all the kinds," said Lily. "What a pity! I've put every one of my canna seeds in the hot water! Will it do to take some of them out?"

"Not after they have once been in," said Sam. "But cannas are worth nothing—will make no show—unless they are planted early, so it was best to sow them all at once."

"How many things there are to think of in gardening!" said Clover, covering her zinnia seeds with a light hand. "Sam, I'm afraid our boxes won't be very warm out *here*."

"No, indeed. Perhaps mamma will admit them to the bow-window."

"I'll run in this minute and ask her!" cried Prim. Which she did; and of course mamma said yes.

So when all the seeds were planted—all that were to be planted then—Sam carried the boxes into the house and set them on a kitchen table that was already placed in the bow-window. And very pretty they looked, with the little red pots full of brown earth, and the neat labels, and the clean bright panes of glass sloping down over all. The sun darted in to look at them, and the three children stood bending over them in a half-bewitched state.

"Must we keep these panes of glass tight shut all the time?" said Clover.

"Yes, in cool weather. Sometimes at mid-day, if it gets very warm, you can raise one of them a little, or slip it aside, just to let in air."

Lily lifted one of the panes and thrust in her finger.

"Oh, Sam, it's real warm in there now," she said.

"So it ought to be. It will hardly be too warm before the seeds come up."

"Will they come up to-morrow, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"To-morrow! Have you any idea of the work that must be done down in that brown earth before your seeds come up?"

"Oh, Sam, that is just what I want to know," cried Clover. "I think there never was any thing quite so beautiful as our boxes and seeds. I'd like to study them all day."

"Well, you can study them from a new point of view now," said Sam, laughing, "for there comes Maria Jarvis. She'll give you lessons!" And Sam marched off out of the room, while Lily rushed to the door to welcome her friend, and Clover and Primrose followed more slowly. If the truth must be told, they would rather have watched their boxes just then.

"How do you do?" said Maria Jarvis, making great efforts to arrange her short hoop to her satisfaction. "Mamma had business to do in the village, and so I thought I would drive on and see your place. I suppose you haven't done much to it yet."

"Sam has dug up part of my garden," said Lily, innocently.

"Oh, is Sam your gardener?" said Maria. "Our gardener is named William. He's the head gardener, you know; and then there's Patrick and Michael besides. William's the best gardener in the country, I suppose. A great many people call him Mr. Stubbs."

"Lily was talking of *our* gardens, not of papa's," said Clover; for Lily was quite breathless, and had no words ready. "And in *our* gardens my brother Sam is head gardener, and we're to be Patrick and Michael ourselves. Don't you have a garden all for yourself too?"

"Oh yes, but William takes care of it," said Maria. "I couldn't, you know, it's such dirty work. My! I don't know how many frocks I should want if I did any thing but walk in the garden. I've just had ten new ones made for the summer, and mamma said it was such a plague to arrange to have 'em all different, the trimmings and all—I guess she wouldn't want to get any more. But Miss Simmons (that's our dress-maker in town), she's really a very clever young person, mamma says; and when mamma was quite worn out with the trimmings, and didn't know what to do with my pink foulard, Miss Simmons went about and about all over town till she found some rose-bugs. Just the thing for a pink dress, you know; and she put rose-bugs here—and here—and here—all over it. Mamma was delighted. I'll show it to you the next time you come. What's your best dress?"

"White muslin," said Clover.

"White muslin's very nice if it's trimmed all round the bottom with colored ribbon," said Maria. "I've got two made so, a pink and a green; and I've got another embroidered all over with blue spots."

"What flowers are you going to have in your garden, Maria?" said Clover, trying to get upon some subject where Lily and she would feel at home.

"Oh, I don't know; just what William puts there," said Maria. "He always has something new every spring, papa says."

"I shall have pinks in mine," said Lily.

"Pinks are very old-fashioned," answered Maria. "So William says. I suppose you'll have fuschias, of course."

"No, I guess not," said Clover; "*we* shall not. I don't know what papa may do."

"Oh yes, you must have fuschias," said Maria. "And then in the green-house you must have gloxinias and air-plants—things that won't grow in every village window, as papa says."

"But we haven't any green-house," said Clover.

"Oh, but of course you'll build one," said Maria. "Sarah had the most beautiful present the other day!—from the gentleman she's engaged to, the same one that gave her the bracelet. It's a butterfly for her hair."

"I shouldn't like a butterfly on *my* hair," said Primrose, decidedly.

"Not a real one, you little goose," said Maria. "It's all gold and enamel, and ruby eyes, and diamond spots. And it clasps into her hair, so—just like a brooch. It's the sweetest thing! So suitable for summer, mamma said."

"Well, won't you come and see what we have for a green-house?" said Clover, leading the way to the bow-window. "Sam made us these boxes himself, and we've just been planting our seeds. And mamma is going to tell us how they grow."

"How they grow!" said Maria. "Well, you are the strangest girl! It must be a great deal of trouble to take care of such little boxes, I should think. And papa says a few flowers aren't worth much. Quantity, quantity—and what other people don't have—that's what papa likes. But I hope you'll enjoy them, I'm sure. Good-by, I've had a delightful time, and I'll show you all my flowers when you come, and Sarah's butterfly. Good-by!"

And away whirled the carriage, after which Clover and Lily stood gazing with bewildered eyes.

QUITE UNEXPECTED.

I.—A "SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER."

Amos Wynne was simply a tenant farmer, cultivating so much as was cultivable of some five hundred acres which his father had farmed before him, and his grandfather before his father. If it had been a first-rate farm it would hardly have required three generations of diggers and delvers to work at it without gaining enough to leave it and go to something better than tenant farming.

Amos had grown up steady and industrious; had married a good wife, though a poor one; after his father's death he had managed the farm prudently; and, being a man of considerable natural shrewdness, had actually saved money and was looking forward to establishing his children in life a little more advantageously than he and his brothers had had to start. But unhappily he was one of those who had been out in the disastrous '45 of this century. Intoxicated with the prospect of doubling in a year or two the savings of twenty years, his head had been turned along with many a wiser head. He had let the glozing tongue of a neighbor persuade him to buy railway shares at a great premium, he had seen them go up to a greater premium, and had waited for a greater still. Then when the crash came he had been one of those who were caught and had lost actually all his savings. Just now, too, a new misfortune had befallen him which he would have thought little of a year ago, but which was grievous to him in his straitened circumstances. The murrain had been among his cattle and taken six of the finest beasts. As he walked in his rick-yard, therefore, he reckoned up for the twentieth time the probable, possible, and I doubt also impossible proceeds of the sale of those ricks, and thought sadly of the small surplus that would be left him after payment of his rent.

Winding down from the hill-fields behind the house, he saw standing before him one whom he at once put down as belonging to the class of "suspicious characters." He was on the foot-path, it is true, and so could not be ordered off. A stout, strongly-built man of some sixty or thereabouts, he had the true vagabond air and carriage, with the evidently exuberant health and activity which are so often denied to people who are not of the vagabond family. He was clean though, and seemed to take some care of his plentiful gray beard and whiskers, which contrasted well with his darkly-bronzed skin—a skin that had got its coloring plainly under foreign suns.

He came up to the farmer and addressed him, speaking with much gesticulation, and flourishing his staff to such an extent that Amos involuntarily raised his hands to protect his ears. He had a marked impediment in his speech, spoke with a strong foreign accent, and was evidently quite ignorant of his locality. Conversation, therefore, was by no means easy. Amos gathered at last that he wanted to be directed on his way to Rudyard and to be told the distance. The way was straight enough, the distance was six miles, and as it was already growing dark and not over good road, he recommended him to lose as little time as possible. The poor man unfortunately had stumbled, only a hundred yards or so back, and sprained his ankle; so before going on he sat down at the foot of one of the ricks, pulled off his boot and stocking to look at and rub the sprain; and having done so, found all his efforts to get on his boot and walk again fruitless. Certainly Amos Wynne had to confess that he tried his best to walk and go about his business, spite of the evident torture it was to him. It was plain, indeed, that he was as unwilling to ask a night's lodging as Amos was to offer it. The request had to be made at last, however, and could be no less than granted. Leading the way into his house, the stranger followed him. The refinements of drawing-room and dining-room were unknown in Amos Wynne's simple homestead. There was a large kitchen, well hung with bacon, where the servants were sitting at their evening meal. And there was a parlor or "house-room," where the rest of the family spent their leisure hours. "Come in and sit down," said Amos, leading him into the kitchen at the back-door, and at once going forward himself to tell his wife in the other room of the unexpected guest. The stranger followed close upon his heels, entered this other room with him, carrying the impracticable boot in one hand, and limping painfully. It was evident he had not understood his invitation to be to sit with the servants, and though a little taken aback, as Amos was, there was something in the man's graceful bow, and in the quiet self-possession with which he saluted all in the room, that hinted at the possibility of a servants' kitchen not being perhaps his proper place, at his having perhaps looked on better days, and even sat at good men's feasts as host instead of guest. "Would you, madam, give me a slipper?" he asked, seating himself on one of the vacant chairs by the fire, and taking a child on his knee as if he had known the family all his life.

Tea was brought in, and he drew up to table and evidently enjoyed his meal, not omitting to be so attentive to the two daughters as to win the good opinion of those young ladies, and make their brothers and young Dennis, the favored lover of one of them, a little sensible of their own remissness. Then, as the evening wore on, Amos naturally wanted his pipe, and asked his guest to join him. Whereupon out came from the stranger's pocket the blackest and best of meerschaums and a pouch of tobacco, which Amos was forced to confess was the finest of any thing he had ever smoked in his life. And as smoking by the fire is of itself dry work, in due time the little black bottle of whisky was produced, and two modest tumblers were mixed, and Amos actually found that he was admitting this stranger, whose name he did not know, into a great deal of his confidence. It hardly occurred to him that he was being questioned at all; but little by little he had told him whose farm this was; how old Sir Evelyn Rudyard had died a month ago, and the new heir was a cousin who had lived abroad all his life and never even seen the vast estates which had now fallen to him by the death of a childless old man; how desolate the old Hall at Rudyard had been this Christmas-time; and how the poor had missed their annual coals and good cheer. Then, with a touch of bitterness, he had hinted at his own losses; at the difficulty he had in making both ends meet; at the determination he had come to that he would, the very next rent-day, up and speak boldly to old Sir Evelyn, and ask him for a reduction of his rent; and how, now the old landlord was dead, he felt it would be hopeless to ask a favor from a new one yet a while, and he would have to struggle on. To all of which the stranger listened carefully, speaking words of cheer now and then, as one who had himself known trouble.

But the younger people were inclined to merrier ways of spending the evening. Harry Dennis had brought his violin, and was in great perplexity about it. He was the only one who could play upon it, and it was clear he could not dance too; so Bertha had to dance with her brother, to the satisfaction of nobody.

"Let me try it," said the strange guest; and then, shade of Paganini! how he did fiddle! The twinkle of his elbow and the flash of his fiddle-stick were nothing short of marvelous. There was not a dance, new or old, but he knew the measure of it; and you could see by the involuntary motion of his knees that, had it not been for his sprained ankle, his sixty years would not have kept him from standing up with the youngest.

At last came the hour for retiring—and that, too, no late hour, for the servants had to be up betimes. In they came, men-servants and maid-servants, and took their chairs round the room with the rest of the family. The big family Bible was opened; and Amos, all seriousness and gravity, laying aside the evening's mirth, read out the sacred message. It happened that he had come that evening to the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and to that final judgment where the great King blesses them who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and received the stranger, inasmuch as by so doing they have done it unto Him.

II.—"RAGGED AND TOUGH."

A night's rest did the sprained ankle a world of good. Early in the morning the stranger was up and prepared to leave. But as the Wynnes were early risers too, and already about to sit down to breakfast, and as he had made himself quite popular the night before, he was urged to stay, and, with slight urging, staid. After breakfast, too, instead of going on his way at once to Rudyard, he, like a man accustomed to have no plans, or to change them from hour to hour, took all at once the bold resolve to walk off the stiffness of his ankle by no less an undertaking than the ascent of the Wrekin. It lay full in sight from the window; and to him, whose eyes—and feet too, indeed—had often rested on the peaks of Switzerland, it looked a modest hillock enough. And what were its two or three patches of snow compared with the eternal glaciers? Till now he had never seen this much-talked-of Wrekin. It was all one to him whether he reached Rudyard at night or earlier. No one expected him, he said, rather wearily, or would give him as kind a welcome as he had found last night: he would be as well wandering up and down

the Wrekin as any where else; so up the Wrekin he would go, lame or not lame.

Then two of the young men—Gregory Wynne and Harry Dennis—somewhat ashamed, it may be, of having spoken of the ascent of the Shropshire hill this winter's morning as an immense undertaking to an old man who made so light of it, said that they too would go; and off the three started on their walk. Near as it had seemed, it was close upon two hours—the paths being slippery—before they reached the top and sat down upon the little mound that marks the summit to enjoy the reward of their labors.

On that day there was a meagre prospect. Indeed, for a while the three pedestrians thought themselves alone on the hill. Not another human being was there to be seen. For surely that dirty little heap of animated rags, that moved from time to time in and out of sight among the bushes and behind the rocks, could hardly be a human being. Nor did they quite satisfy themselves that it was one till Gregory Wynne, following it up, brought it out from its hiding-place, and revealed it as a boy.

He was a little imp of barely three feet high. Upon his head he wore the remains of what had once been a cap, but now more nearly resembled a coronet, there being but little of it left save the rim. His hair stood up through the middle of it, not unlike a bunch of shabby plumes. The amalgamated garment, which did what it could toward covering the upper half of his body, had once been in two pieces—jacket and waistcoat. It had, at some advanced period of its history, been made into one. But how many pieces it would have been in now, if incautiously taken off, it would have been hard to say. There was a greater proportion of leg visible than would have been reckoned decorous even by a Highlander. Indeed, had it not been for two or three pieces of string judiciously tied tight round each leg, above and below the knee, the trowsers and their wearer must have altogether parted company. His boots showed a novel principle of construction—or, at any rate, of adaptation—which might commend them to the notice of the father of a family of growing boys. The soles and upper leathers having long parted company, the way of getting into them appeared to be, first, to place the foot firmly on the sole, then put the upper leather (which was open at the side) over it, and tie the two together with a stout piece of string. The more obvious objections to this fashion, for winter wear, naturally suggest themselves in the exposure of the toes at one end of the structure and the heel at the other. At any rate, by a copious use of string, evidently a primary article in his toilet, this small creature did entitle himself to be considered a clothed human being.

"What's your name?" asked the elder stranger.

"Jack Richardson; but at the blacksmith's shop they call me 'Ragged and Tough.' What's yours?" replied the boy.

"Mine," said the old man, "is Peter. How old are you?"

"Eight last Michaelmas. What else besides Peter? and how old are you?"

"Peter Lameleg; sixty-two," said the old man.

Harry Dennis was smoking—we are almost ashamed to confess it, so early in the morning, but it was an exceptional case with him. Said the youngster, "I'll give you a penny for your cigar."

Harry explained that it had cost him threepence, so he could not part with it at that rate. Moreover, he had not got another.

"I'll give you threepence for it," said the child, producing the money. But it appearing that business could not be transacted at that or any other rate, he had to be content with a promise of the reversion of the end of the cigar when done with—had to be content, or at least to seem so.

By-and-by Mr. Lameleg, encouraged by the younger man's example, was seduced into lighting his pipe; and having done so, laid his tobacco-pouch for a moment on the rock beside him. In an instant, and with a scream of exultation, it was pounced upon by Ragged and Tough, and he was bounding with it down the rocks, where no one with any regard to the soundness of his limbs could follow except at the slowest rate. They were sitting on the edge of a deep ravine, the opposite wall of which was distant only a few yards.

In less time than it takes to read these two or three lines, the lad had descended the gorge, had climbed the opposite side, had mounted a tree in front, and now grinned at them across the chasm, while he deliberately produced a short black pipe, filled it, lit it, and immediately showed, by the methodical way in which he smoked it, that he was no new hand at a pipe.

He was still within easy speaking distance; and, as it was clearly no use threatening him or scaring him away, negotiations were opened with him across the chasm.

"Now, my boy, bring it back," said the old man.

"Cu—cu—come and fe—fe—fetch it," he replied, mimicking his stammer; "will you thrash me if I bring it?"

"No."

"Will you give me another pipe?"

"Yes."

Then he deliberately helped himself to another pipe, good measure, wrapped it in a bit of his jacket that he tore off for the purpose, pocketed it, came back, gave up the pouch, and sat down by its owner, trusting fearlessly to the promise that he was not to be thrashed.

Every body has heard of the Irish lad who boasted that he washed himself once a week whether he needed it or not. Our poor little Jack, it was clear, knew nothing of such sanitary regulations, and confessed, without any hesitation, that he never washed himself at all; which, indeed, no one could have suspected him of doing. Being questioned as to his earnings, he said that in fine weather he sometimes got as much as a shilling a day, in bad weather hardly a sixpence—sometimes nothing. He produced eightpence in copper, fivepence of it yesterday's money, and threepence gained this morning. At night, he said, he generally bought a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of pudding, and a penn'orth of meat for his supper, two penn'orth of ale to drink after it, and a penn'orth of tobacco to smoke. His breakfast cost him twopence when he had any. Sometimes he gave his sister a penny or two when he saw her walking about in the cold; and sometimes she gave him a penny or two when she had any.

"Did he never take his money home to his mother?" Harry Dennis asked.

"No; she would drink it all."

"Nor to his father?"

"No; he would drink it faster than she would, and I would sooner drink it myself."

"What, do you drink too?"

"Yes, when I have any money to spare. Eh! I was drunk on Saturday night."

When he had not drunk all his money he hid it under a stone before going in to his mother, and took it up again in the morning, if he happened to be there first; but his mother often found out where he put it.

Then turning the conversation to the subject of clothing, young Wynne tried to impress upon him the advantages of spending his spare money in new clothes instead of drink. "If you put away twopence a day for a week that will be a shilling, and you can buy a new cap," a proposition which was readily admitted and approved. "Then, if you put away twopence a day for another week, you can buy a pair of second-hand boots."

"Where?" interrupted he, jumping quickly to his feet.

"Well, at any rate you could in a fortnight," said Gregory, puzzled to answer.

"Ah, yes, but you said in a week," he retorted, being evidently much better informed as to the price of second-hand boots than his instructor.

He had once been to school for two days, but left because Swiddy Dick kicked him on the shins. It was a Sunday-school, but he didn't remember that they taught him any thing. He knew this hill was called the Wrekin, and he knew that was Wellington. He didn't know where England was, or what a queen was. He didn't know who made the sun, but suspected it was not Harry Dennis.

They had sat longer than the old man meant to sit, and as he had already said good-by to them at the farm, he resolved that he would go straight from the Wrekin top to Rudyard. By doing so he perceived that he would cut off an angle of about a mile, which he would have had to traverse had he gone by way of the farm. But he remembered suddenly that he had left something in his bedroom—a pocket-knife and some keys, I think—which he could not well dispense with. From where they sat the farm-house lay full in view, and beyond it a mile or so could be seen the point of junction of its by-road with the road along which the stranger would have to travel on his directer way. He pointed out these places to the urchin, Ragged and Tough, and asked him if he would run round by the farm-house, get these things, and meet him with them at the corner for the reward of threepence, a commission which that young Mercury willingly enough undertook, on being furnished with a scrawl from Gregory to produce as his credentials, and asking them also to give him something to eat.

"But can I trust you to bring me them when you have got them?" asked their owner.

The lad seemed to understand at once that it was his honesty that was in question. "A man gave me half a crown once for a penny, and I took it him back. Keep my money till I bring them," he said, and, tossing his coppers at their feet, started off at a run, and was lost beneath the shoulder of the hill. They saw him here and there in the fields as he drew away from the base beneath them, and watched him pursuing his way steadily from stile to stile, till at the last, with the help of a glass which one of the young men carried, they saw him, a mere speck, make his way within the gates and disappear. Then they rose and went down hill leisurely on the directer road to Rudyard, the young men going with their companion part of the way.

Coming in due time to a cross-road which led to the Arkull Farm, the young men shook hands with their friend, whom they parted from unwillingly, and he, with many kind words of thanks for the hospitality he had received, pursued his journey alone. Half an hour brought him to the corner where he had expected to find his young messenger waiting. In this, however, he had been too sanguine, and after he had sat and waited another half-hour, casting meanwhile very impatient glances toward the farm, he had, after all, to make up his mind to walk on to the house and seek him. It was full in sight, but separated from him by a valley which, after the walk up the Wrekin, he would rather not have had to cross, especially as the lamed foot began to remind him that it was as yet hardly sound again.

As he walked on with a rather visible limp, and still more visible ill-temper, he was suddenly brought to a stand by the appearance of a little cloud that overhung the house. Even while he gazed it grew darker and larger, spreading itself in dense volumes over all the homestead. Fierce tongues of flame shot up through blinding smoke, and sparks by thousands rose and were wafted by the wind toward him from over the valley. The gate opened, and a man on horseback rode out and galloped off to the town as if for his life.

Mr. Lameleg was lame no longer. He ran in a style that would have done credit to many a younger man, and before many minutes had passed was on the scene of the disaster. It was in the rick-yard that the fire had begun, and it was too clear that but little could be done to stay the progress of the flames. The ricks stood in two rows of four each, and the fire had begun in the second one of the inner row. Happily there was not much wind, but the little there was, while it bore the flames away from the house and the farm-buildings, bore them on to the other ricks, and already three of the eight were blazing furiously. To save these, or any portion of them, was clearly hopeless. Amos Wynne and his family, and the men who had hurried in from the neighboring fields, were doing their best, but working without concert, or any common object. Indeed, on Amos himself the catastrophe had seemed to come so crushingly, that he was more inclined to stand by in silent despair than to struggle against it. "Robbery, and murrain, and fire," he murmured to himself; "O God! who sendest me the plagues of Job, send me his patience too, and his happy deliverance." They had broken a hole through the hard-frozen pond, and were running to and fro with all the buckets that could be got together, pouring their dribblets of water wherever they thought it could do good.

The stranger's coat and hat were flung aside in an instant. "Now, my men, to work here!" he shouted, in a voice that was plainly used to command. Loose straw was lying between all the ricks, and the flames leaped by its aid from one to the other with fearful rapidity. He saw at a glance which of the stacks were certainly lost, and which it might be possible to save. To clear away this loose straw was the first task. He did not merely order what was to be done, but he did more of the work than any two other men. Then he divided his forces—one half he set to work to pull down and carry away two of the ricks that were sure to take fire next if nothing were done to save them. But as he knew it would be impossible to get more than half of them down, he put the rest of the men to another task. Close by there was a large heap of rotting stable manure. He had it brought as rapidly as possible and piled between the stacks on fire and the stacks in danger, and more especially as thickly as they could against the sides of those in danger. Then, as he saw the flames gaining on them, they ceased trying to pull down the stacks—having got them perhaps half down—and began to spread this manure thickly over the top of the parts of the stacks left standing. By dint of hard labor they managed to get these two stacks well covered, and by this time help having come from neighboring farms, they contrived also to get the up-piled heap in front of the burning stacks well drenched with water. In the midst of all it began to snow heavily, and this helped them a little, forming a thin covering on the manure. Happily when the flames reached them, as they soon did, they found that their ravenous tongues no longer devoured all before them, but were stopped by their barricade. When the parish engine arrived and began to play upon the nearest of the flaming ricks it was seen that the worst was over.

But, indeed, that worst was bad enough for poor Amos Wynne. His fire insurance policy had expired three weeks before, and he, intending to renew it for a larger amount, had not renewed it at all. Such a loss to him, coming at such a time, was little short of ruin, and he thought more wearily than ever of the rent-day ahead. While thinking of what was lost, however, he was not quite oblivious of what was saved, or of him to whose exertions he was so much indebted. "I owe you much," he said to the old man; "pray come in and let me thank you, and thank the good Providence that sent you here at such a time."

As they went in they overtook two of the men who had come with the fire-engine. They were carrying between them the body of a child. The poor rags that hung about him were drenched with water and littered with manure. The poor little face was blackened with smoke and ashes. The poor little limbs lay motionless. It was the body of poor "Ragged and Tough."

III.—THE NEW LANDLORD.

THIS, then, was how the old year was to end for Amos Wynne. It was its last day, and to-morrow came in the new one. What a mockery it would seem to wish him a Happy New Year! When he got into his own house he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head to his knees in silent despair.

The stranger had followed the two firemen into the kitchen, and they had deposited their senseless burden on the table. Another man immediately followed them, bringing a short black pipe which he had picked up close to where they had found the child. Gregory Wynne was standing by the old man. They both knew the pipe again at once, and remarked to each other that the origin of the fire was explained.

"It is not so clear," said the stranger, "that your father has any thing to thank me for. If I had not sent the lad here this would never have happened."

It proved that the boy was not dead, though at first they had thought him so. He was indeed fearfully burned, and there could be little hope of his recovery. But by-and-by he breathed, opened his eyes, and, the sense of pain returning with the sense of life, moaned piteously. His worst burns, however, and those from which there was most danger, were those where the fire had deadened all feeling in the poor child's limbs, and where he had no pain at all. The smaller and more painful burns were dressed with soothing oils and lint. Mrs. Wynne and her daughters, forgetting the mischief the boy had wrought them, seeing only his poor scorched body and his helplessness, worked with tender fingers about him, and in a little while restored him so far that he could tell his story. It was a very plain, straightforward one, and the sum of it was this:

He had got the trifles he had been sent to fetch. "They are in my pocket," he said to the old man, not suspecting that both pocket and trowsers had been burned off his legs.

They had given him a good dinner in the kitchen, and one of the farm-laborers, delighted with his precocious pratile, had also given him, unknown to any one else, some ale. Then he had left to go on his errand, but at the gate his quick eye had seen the three whom he had left coming down the hill afar off, and, having time to spare, the possession of tobacco had proved too great a temptation for him. He had stolen into the rick-yard, sat down behind the second rick, and smoked part of his pipe. Then, hearing some one coming, he had run off to finish it behind a more distant stack, and there he had fallen asleep. This much he could tell of himself; the rest was easily put together. At the first of his smoking-places the fire had broken out after he had removed. His second hiding-place had only been reached by the fire in its expiring efforts, and there he had been buried unperceived, partly with straw, partly with manure. He confessed that this burying of him awaked him, but at first he durst not come out for fear of being whipped, and he lay still, not knowing what was wrong. Then afterward, when he had tried to get out he could not; and he remembered no more about it.

They told him of the fire and of the damage he had done.

"You won't thrash me?" he asked, pitifully. (The attention of a thrashing seemed to be the only attention he had ever received from any one, and he could hardly believe that he was to escape without one now.) "You can give them my money, to pay for the stacks, Mr. Lameleg," he said, suddenly remembering the eightpence which he had left in pledge for his own honesty. Poor Ragged and Tough appeared to be less conversant with the value of corn-stacks than with the value of second-hand boots. But having thus made what pecuniary amends he could, he seemed easier and more hopeful of good treatment.

Apparently reminded by the child's last words, the old man left him and went in to Amos Wynne.

"And what do you think will be the extent of your loss?" he asked.

"Four hundred pounds, not less, I am sure," was the answer; "and how to replace it I know no more than yon child."

"Don't despair," said the stranger; "your friends will help you, and perhaps the new landlord may make your tenancy easier when he sees how hardly you have been pressed. At any rate I can be of no more use here, and strangers are only in the way at such a time. I will have a wash and a crust of bread and cheese, and then I will go."

"I shall be sorry if we never see you or hear of you again," said Amos.

"Oh, but perhaps you will! What are you going to do with the child?"

"Keep him till he is better, or till all is over with him. The doctor says he will probably linger a few days at any rate."

In times of domestic as well as of national calamity every one has his own special point of view from which he looks on the misfortune that has befallen him in common with those around him. As the old man passed the bay-window in which Harry Dennis and Bertha were standing, he heard Harry say, "I suppose we shall have to put it off again?"

"I suppose we must," said Bertha; "but I hope it will not be for long."

They were speaking quite openly, so the stranger asked, "What is that which has to be put off?"

"Only our marriage," said Bertha, very frankly, with a smile which was a good deal belied by her eyes. "He was to have come and fetched me in a month."

"Ah, well, you are young; it is only waiting and trusting each other a little longer."

And then in a little while the old man shook hands with them all, and went his way once more, more sadly though with more show of mutual kindness than before.

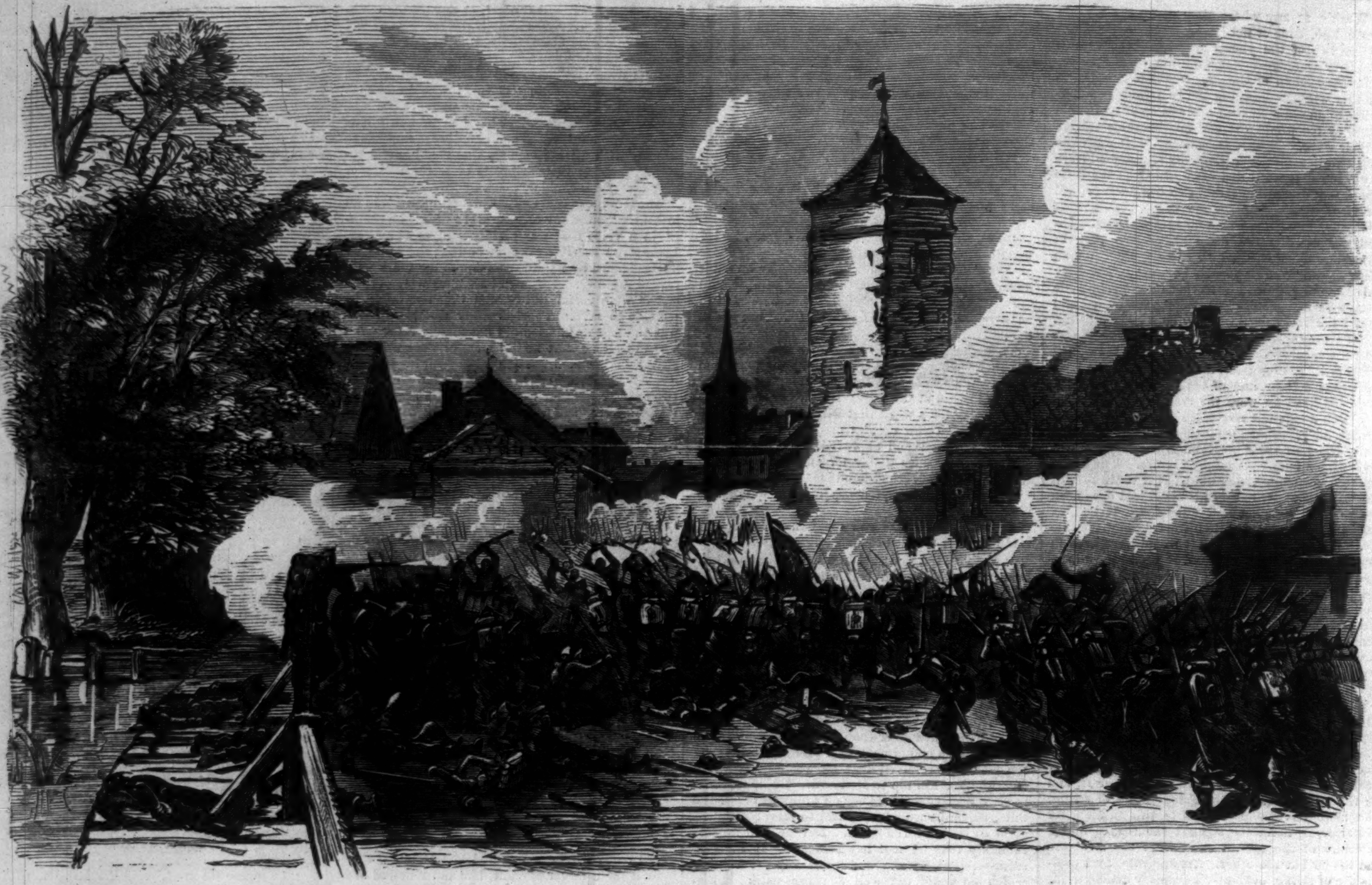
It was some two hours later. The melancholy dinner, of which no one seemed to have partaken, had been cleared away. Amos Wynne remembered that there was some letter about this disaster which he must needs write for that night's post, and the inkstand and pen could not be found. There is seldom more than one little bottle of ink in a country farm-house, and it is well if its contents are not either as thick as mud or watered out of all their blackness. At last it was found in the bedroom that had been used by the old man. Beside it lay a closed envelope addressed "Mr. Amos Wynne," in a hand unknown to all of them.

"Who would have thought," said Amos, "of his taking the trouble to leave a note to thank us?"

It was not much of a note. When the envelope was opened it contained merely a half-sheet of note-paper, on which was written, not over-legibly, simply the words, "*I was a stranger, and ye took me in*"—no signature, and no word more. Along with it was a small piece of folded paper which fell out and fluttered to the floor. When unfolded it proved to be a check on the local bank in the neighboring town, in favor of Amos Wynne, for the sum of four hundred pounds. This check was signed P. Rudyard. Mr. Lameleg was none other than the new landlord.

That night at Arkull Farm was not so dull a one as the earlier part of the day had promised. The old year was sped to its exit, and the new one was welcomed to the world with all seemly mirth, not unmixed with solemn thankfulness. Poor little Ragged and Tough was brought in for half an hour, and propped so that his big, bright eyes could look on from out of his lint and cotton-wool, and enjoy the wonderful sight of a well-lighted room and happy faces. Then he was taken away, patient and happy as the rest of them.

Mr. Lameleg's augury that Amos Wynne might get his rent reduced proved remarkably exact. Ragged and Tough did not die, but slowly recovered, and in due time came to be as tough as ever, though never again so ragged; for Sir Peter clothed him, and sent him to school, where "Swiddy Dick" could no longer reach his shins, and had him taught where England is, and who *did* make the sun, and gave him more exact ideas of the value of corn-stacks, and even at the last promoted him to be his own boy in buttons. It was also Sir Peter himself who gave away the bride when Bertha and Harry Dennis were married—without that dreadful postponement—and who stood up at the wedding-breakfast and said, stammering as bad as ever, that he hoped (as we may surely hope for all our kindly, patient readers) that if in the unknown future, any year seemed closing on them as darkly as the last had threatened, its clouds might be chased away as quickly, that each new year might break upon them as brightly, and be as fruitful in happiness as this one bid fair to be.



BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN, June 28, 1866.

THE BATTLES IN GERMANY.

We give on this page two illustrations relating to the battles in Bohemia, by which the Prussians, gaining a series of victories which were consummated on July 3, in the disastrous defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, overcame every obstacle to their rapid and successful march against Vienna. The latest news by the cable left the Prussian army in front of Vienna, and at this stage of the hostilities an armistice had been entered upon with a view to peace-negotiations.

But notwithstanding this recent intelligence it will be interesting to our readers to turn back to those terrible contests, the results of which, in the reconstruction of Germany, are still to be made known. For this purpose we have published two engravings, one illustrating the storming of Gitschin, the other giving a view of the battle-field of Königgrätz, the evening after the contest.

THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN.

On the 27th and 28th of June had been fought the battles of Nachod and Trautenau, each of which had resulted in a victory for the Prussians. A third and equally bloody engagement occurred on the 28th, near Munchengratz, fifty miles west of the battle-fields just mentioned. The Prussian troops employed on this occasion belong to the first army, under the command of Prince Frederick Charles, and had penetrated into Bohemia from Saxony by way of Reichenberg. The day previously Turnau, at the junction of the North Bohemian railways, had been occupied by them. Moving thence in a southwestern direction, they found themselves confronted, it is reported, by 50,000 or 60,000 Austrians and 20,000 Saxons. The enemy had taken up a strong position on the top of a hill, contesting the possession of it with great obstinacy. The loss on both sides was about equal, but success remained with the Prussians, who immediately advanced in a southeastern direction to Gitschin, a place well known in history as one of Wallenstein's possessions. The great General lies buried here in the Convent of the Carthusians. The town lies some fourteen or fifteen English miles southeast of Munchengratz and of Turnau, with which two places it forms a triangle. It is situated on the Cydlina, one of the confluents of the Elbe. From the positions occupied, according to the latest reports, by the second army under the command of the Crown Prince, Gitschin is distant about twenty-three to twenty-six English miles. It constitutes very nearly the central point of the road leading from Jung-Bunzlau over Sobotka, Gitschin, and Horzitz to Josephstadt, respectively, to Königgrätz, and which constitutes,

BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF KÖNIGGRATZ AT 9 O'CLOCK P.M., July 3, 1866.

as it were, the string of the bow formed by the railways between Jung-Bunzlau, Turnau, Eisenbrod, and Josephstadt. On the 29th ult. the third and fifth divisions carried Gitschin by storm, inflicting a loss of 4000 men on the Austrians, and making nigh upon 2000 prisoners. The 24th and 64th regiments, well known as having distinguished themselves in the assault on Duppel, shone again conspicuous in their feats of arms. In storming the Castle of Gitschin, which was built by Wallenstein in 1610, they are reported to have climbed up the walls like cats, despite the fierce fire with which they were received. The Prussian losses in the storming of the town and castle are reported as very heavy, the position being naturally strong and the resistance of the Austrians most determined.

A correspondent writes: "The Prussians, advancing from the direction of Turnau on Gitschin, had a fight at the villages of Podultz and Diletz, which were held by Austrian and Saxon troops, supported by artillery and three of Austria's finest cavalry regiments. According to the report of the prisoners, the King of Saxony himself took part in the fight. After a severe struggle both villages were carried, and the Prussians made for the Lochow Road in order to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, who were retiring from Lochow on Gitschin. The Austrian cavalry charged the advancing Prussians, but the latter received them without forming square, and the horsemen recoiled, broken by their steady fire. The Austrian troops in Brada and the Saxons and Austrians in Diletz were quite separated by the capture of the village of Podultz, and the former were almost entirely taken; the latter were cut off from retreat in large numbers. The loss of the Saxons between Diletz and Gitschin was tremendous; they fell thickly, and the ground was covered with corpses. The Prussians suffered much, but they fought most bravely, and, with only four regiments and half as many guns as their opponents, carried a very strong position held by a much superior force; for the Prussians had in the field but 16,000 men, and the allied strength is estimated at 30,000. At Diletz the Prussians lie more thickly than at Lochow, for the more numerous artillery of the defenders plowed with terrible effect through the dense columns of the assailants as they advanced to the attack. But between Diletz and Gitschin the ground is covered with broken arms, knapsacks, shakos, and fallen men, who are mostly either Saxons or Austrians, for here the needle-gun was more used than artillery. The Prussians took about 7000 prisoners in the two combats, and the Austrian loss in killed and wounded was estimated at 2000. On the 29th the Prussian head-quarters were moved to Sobotka, and the army took up a position in front of Gitschin, prepared for battle. In the afternoon the strategic object of the movements of the two Prussian armies was achieved, and communications were opened in Bohemia between Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince."

On the 2d of July the King of Prussia arrived at Gitschin, where he was received by Prince Frederick Charles. The streets every where showed the traces of the obstinate engagement which had been continued within the town. The enemy had fled in disorder under cover of the night. By the victory of Gitschin the junction of the two armies under Prince Charles and Frederic William, the Crown Prince, was made possible.

ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.—[Photographed by Gurney & Son, New York.]

Benedek in the mean while, after the defeat of the Saxons, had found it necessary to fall back to Königgrätz.

THE BATTLE OF KONIGGRATZ, OR SADOWA.

We have on a previous occasion given the details of this battle. Our illustration represents the battle-field as it appeared at nine o'clock P.M. after the conflict. The battle was fought July 3, and lasted twelve hours. Early in the morning the Prussian army, commanded by the King in person, met the Austrian army under Marshal Benedek, between Horzitz and Königgrätz. For six hours the enemy obstinately defended a strong position to the rear of Bistritz, which was not taken by storm until two P.M., after which the enemy was quickly driven out of his other positions. By seven P.M. the rest of the Austrians were in full retreat, and their defeat was complete. In this battle the Prussians took 116 guns and upward of 20,000 prisoners.

THE LOST FOUND.

The scene presented in our engraving on this page is one of no rare occurrence at our Police stations. It is a scene of happy reunion both to the bewildered little children, who, having strayed beyond the limits of their neighborhood, and being unable, in their alarm or by reason of their infantile years, to give the friendly policeman any information as to their homes, have been made for the night as comfortable as circumstances permitted; and also to the anxious parents, who, after a night of agonized apprehension, have at last found the unhappy wanderers.

ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.

On the 18th of May last the New York University conferred upon Mr. Erastus W. Smith, the subject of this sketch, the honorary degree of "*Doctor Physicis Artibus*" (Doctor in Physical Arts). In a letter, accompanying the one from Chancellor Ferris making the announcement, Professor John W. Draper designates this as the first degree of the kind ever conferred in this country, and the highest the University can give. It places the University, as he says, in connection with mechanical engineering, one of the most important and growing professional interests of our city and country.

It may be profitable for those who are toiling in the same arduous department to know how the enviable prominence, which justifies so high a recognition, has been attained.

Mr. Smith is a native of the State of Connecticut. His parents having moved to Ohio when he was at an early age, he was there employed with his father as carpenter and mill-wright. He afterward was occupied for a short time in a steam-engine manufactory in the same State, but soon becoming convinced that a better opportunity for advancement would be found in a first-class establishment, he came to New York, and apprenticed himself to the late James P. Allaire, proprietor of the well-known Allaire Works, for some years the most noted in the country. After four years of service, perceiving that a knowledge of the physical sciences was necessary to the attainment of any thing like dis-

THE LOST FOUND—A SCENE AT THE POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

tinction in the profession he had chosen, Mr. Smith relinquished his place, and pursued those studies at the New York University, graduating in the class of 1844. He then returned to the Allaire Works, and toiled faithfully for six years longer, during which period he was, in the words of his respected employer and friend, Mr. Allaire, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, "employed in every department, from the lowest to the highest. He has been the principal in the construction of some of the best vessels that sail on our waters, sea, and lakes; for capacity and ability I am sure he has no superior (in the compass of my knowledge of men) in his profession."

After this long and diversified experience in construction and designing, Mr. Smith determined to rely upon his merits as Consulting Engineer in preference to making permanent engagement with any one establishment. From this point his advancement has been rapid and complete. The Ocean Steam Navigation Co., the Collin's Line of steamers, the New York and Havre Steamship Co., the New York, New Orleans, and Havana line of steamers, the Merchants' Steamship Co., the Norwich and New York Transportation Co., and the North American Steamship Co., have all, at different times, been under his direction, either in the capacity of Engineer-in-Chief, Constructing Engineer, or Superintendent of Machinery. Many of the largest and finest engines ever built in our country are from his designs and drawings. Among these may be specified the steamboat *Metropolis*, of the Fall River Line; the *Mississippi*, *St. Lawrence*, *Empire State*, and *Buckeye State*, on the Western lakes; the *Independence*, *Favorita*, and *Oregonian*, for the Pacific Ocean.

Passing somewhat into the domain of Civil Engineering Mr. Smith is at present Chief Engineer of the new iron bridge at Harlem, and also Consulting Engineer to the Board of Public Works in Chicago, in reference to the tunnel now being constructed under the Lakes. Seven important appointments as Consulting and Constructing Engineer are this day held by him, giving evidence of the great confidence reposed in his professional ability, prominent among which should be mentioned his position as Constructing Engineer for Mr. W. H. Webb, the contractor with the United States Government for the iron-clad ram *Dunderberg*.

A consideration of the effect of mechanical engineering upon the results of the last war will convince any one that the recognition of its professors among the honored and educated is not misplaced. It has well been styled the "Iron War." Mechanical genius gave to our military heroes the power to consummate their triumphs. Invincible ships, resistless weapons, rapid transportation, these were the means which had, at least, much to do with the glorious end.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

The French Market, when I visited it, had been in full blast since sunrise, presenting the same appearance as Fulton or Washington Markets on a Saturday afternoon. Here all the negroes speak French, and many of them wear sabots, those clumsy feet-coverings being for sale at several places in the Market. Will it be put down to blind prejudice if the writer states that neither the meat, fish, vegetables, nor fruit are so fine as can be found at the above-named markets? Even in the matter of oranges and bananas they are behindhand, probably owing to the fact that very few licenses are given for the traffic, and it becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few Italians, who buy in the cheapest market, and sell at exorbitant prices. So well are these estimable foreigners organized that a man coming into port with a cargo of fruit has to take the first offer made him, or run extreme risk of selling at all. Whites, creoles, and negroes elbow about, unpleasant smells abound, and the sun pours over all a blistering heat.

Just in the hottest spot of the whole market the most picturesque subject is found, namely, the Indian dealers in herbs and baskets. Grouped around, in stolid indifference to the heat, with heavy folded wraps resting on their heads for protection against the sun, they patiently await customers for their okra, and other herbs and roots. Years ago a large number of these aborigines ornamented the city, but as they grow tame they disappear from the city as fast as from their ancient hunting grounds.

In connection with the excitement consequent upon the New Orleans riot I have made a sketch giving a street view in that city. The scene is laid on St. Charles Street, and represents the march of Phil Sheridan's troops through the city. The building in the distance is the St. Charles Hotel.

A. R. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Leaving our own bustling metropolis *en route* for Eastern sections, one can not but remark the more staid and quiet demeanor of the denizens of the New England States. Even if you chance to reach New Haven on a Commencement day, it is evident that nobody is greatly excited. The College walls undoubtedly conceal some anxious faces and restless feet, but little of this appears without. All is very proper and decorous, and there is no unseemly haste even on the College Green. Class meetings and Commencement exercises chiefly interest those *immediately* concerned and strangers. To the inhabitants of New Haven these things are an "old story." So a majority of them stay quietly at home, cordially extending their hospitality to the many friends who take this time to *visit* them! To be sure a goodly number of the young ladies show their bright faces in the galleries, or on either side of the stage, some time during Commencement exercises. But then, in general, each one has a "*friend*" who takes a part, or she has a friend who has a "*friend*" who takes a part: and, by keeping your eyes open, you can almost "guess" who is the special "friend," by watching the ingress and egress of fair, flushed faces and dainty little hats. Even the time-honored "President's Levee" awakens little interest among those who for years have heard the same invitation extended to "citizens and strangers." So that, although New Haven is proud of Old Yale, she is not much moved from the even tenor of her way by the annual recurrence of its Commencement.

In Boston, also, there is a marked difference in the *manner* of the people. The universal rush and hurry and "*hub*bub" which is so characteristic of New York is quite wanting at the "Hub." Business men walk with a certain grave deliberation which gives one a sense of their stability. They do not seem to fancy that five minutes more or less can either make or mar their fortunes. Even in Washington Street one may walk slowly along, or stop at the corner of the street, without much danger of being knocked down by some rushing pedestrian—though indeed the narrow sidewalks would afford some excuse for close contact.

In promenading the streets of Boston one is struck by the great abundance of fresh fruit temptingly displayed. The little baskets and small square boxes used for berries in New York are never seen there; smooth, clean-looking, round boxes, holding a quart or two, are the fashion in Boston. And these boxes, having about the diameter of a good-sized tea-plate, show off nice fruit to excellent advantage. Fruit also is cheaper; and those frequenting restaurants and hotels conducted on the European plan reap some advantage. For whereas at a first-class New York restaurant one must pay forty cents or more for a plate of Lawton blackberries and cream, the same is served in a first-class Boston hotel or restaurant for twenty-five cents. The bill of fare indicates a similar difference in many articles. We wonder if the *diminuendo* continues as we go East? and query, if so it be, whether it would not *pay* to be quartered a while among the forests of the Aroostook?

It is certainly not a bad injunction to practice upon which Dr. Hall gives in reference to the cholera: "Bear in mind always that perfect and infallible exemption will be the result of personal and domiciliary cleanliness, of a plain and regular mode of living, and of a composed, confident, and fearless mind." He also gives a special caution not to continue any labor or occupation until exhaustion follows. "The time to stop work is when the feeling of tiredness first begins to force itself upon the attention."

There are comparatively few persons who, in times of sudden alarm, whether it be of fire or water, sickness or accident, possess entire presence of mind. It is in part a natural gift, but can be measurably acquired by most persons. A lady, living in the interior of New York State, whose handsome residence was burned to the ground last winter, told us that she actually saw an infatuated man throw a looking-glass out of the window, and then carefully carry a chip mattress down stairs! She had *heard* of such things, but had never been an eye-witness before. The Portland *Transcript* says that one gentleman left his office for the last time during the recent fire with a pack of envelopes in his hand, when a valuable article lay within reach which he might have taken instead. One lady went into the street with a new tin pail in her hand, when her silver-ware, which was in the burning house, was equally accessible. It might be well for every one to remember that all are liable to sudden alarms, and to decide mentally what to do in certain cases.

The following is said to be reliable matrimonial statistics in regard to the recent graduating class in Yale College. The information will be interesting to young ladies generally:

Engaged	18
Now under breach of promise	5
Will not marry till the governor is willing	10
Will not marry till they can support a wife	1
Will not marry till their wife can support them	22
Like children, but refuse to marry in any case	9
Wedded to their pipes and slippers	25

As there were 95 who graduated it seems that no information has been obtained respecting five of the class—perhaps they are already married! From this class 29 have decided to enter the legal profession, 20 the ministry, and 11 will study medicine.

Not long since a London journal remarked that "the cause of the Atlantic Telegraphy is indebted to Cyrus W. Field more than to any other individual man, or to any body of men." This gentleman, who, it is said, has made no less than thirty-eight voyages across the ocean in connection with the business of this great enterprise, was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. As a child he was remarkable for his promptness and energy, and could always be relied upon to accomplish what he undertook, if the result was attainable. He came to New York when about fifteen years old, and entered the store of A. T. Stewart as a clerk. When about twenty he commenced business for himself, opening a paper warehouse. He was devoted to his business. Whatever he did he did with all his might; and this trait has been characteristic of him through life. The laurels he has won through perseverance can never be taken from him.

Unripe and stale fruit should be strictly avoided at this season. If the law can not prevent such unhealthy rubbish from being offered for sale, people had better exercise whatever common-sense they may possess. "I should judge," said a gentleman the other day, deliberately measuring with his eye a cart filled with little, hard, green apples and pears, "there were about ten cases of cholera in that cart!" We suggest that such "cases of cholera" be reported to the Board of Health.

The following method of seeking employment must have had a startling effect upon those to whom the application was made:

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. At this moment a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice, said:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and if you would—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers. "Don't you see my friends are going to fight? We are not in a charitable humor."

"It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that these gentlemen are about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

A singular instance of jealousy is recorded in a Western paper. A young girl belonging to one of the first families of Indianapolis, being jealous of an elder sister, procured a stick of nitrate of silver, and dissolved it in her sister's wash pitcher. The result is that the latter has turned black, and callers are told that she is ill of a contagious disease. She will grow white again in time.

At the Paris Prefecture of Police a regular account is kept of all lost articles which have been deposited there by the finders. During the last twelve months 33,000 articles of various kinds have been deposited, amounting in value to 885,000 francs, or £35,400. In addition to this, within a single month the following articles were deposited with the police: A gold bracelet with diamonds, deposited by a working house-painter; 700 francs in bank-notes, by a female servant; port-monnaie, containing shares and 170 francs in money, by a coffee-house waiter; a valuable gold watch, by a poor widow; a debenture for 500 francs, payable to bearer, by a boy fifteen years old; 2000 francs in bank-notes; 1700 francs, by a cab-driver; 3500 francs, by a cabman; and a bracelet in gold and diamonds, valued at 15,000 francs, by a cabman. These acts tell greatly in favor of the honesty of the humbler class of Parisians.

If the following, which we clip from an exchange, is really true, the knowledge will be invaluable to florists and farmers. It is certainly worth a trial:

"A decoction of the leaves of common chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant chamomile near it."

Among the many incidents which have been told of Gettysburg—some true, and perhaps some false—here is one which, although connected with a serious subject, is irresistibly ludicrous:

Among the wounded in the battle were several Germans from a German regiment, and one of them having died, it was proposed that the German chaplain should officiate at the funeral. Accordingly a grave was dug; and the body, attended by many comrades, was borne to its last resting-place. Arriving there, the German chaplain began:

"Mine frens, dis ish de *first time* dis man has *died*." Observing a titter among his audience, he began again in a tone of Christian severity:

"Mine frens, I say dis ish de *first* time dis man has *died*." Human nature could bear no more, and the boys shouted. Indignant at the disrespect shown him as minister, the chaplain turned round, pointed to the open grave, and simply saying "Stick him in," marched away.

An English paper makes the following statement regarding salaries in this country:

"The highest salary paid to any man in New England is received by the agent of a woolen-mill in Massachusetts—$15,000. The lowest is believed to be that of a Methodist preacher, who stated at a late convention in Boston that his salary for preaching last year was a new hat and a bushel of apples."

The recent calamities in Egypt, arising from the swarm of locusts with which that country was afflicted, seem to have been somewhat mitigated by a discovery in the art of cooking. Locust fritters are a novelty that the most fastidious *gourmet* must acknowledge. The recipe for preparing this dish is given in an Algerian journal, and we quote it for the benefit of those who are meditating a tour on the borders of the Nile:

"Take the locust gently between the finger and thumb of the left hand; cut it in two with a knife, and pour into the animal's inside a small quantity of good rum; let them stand two days, and then cover with a fritter paste, and fry them; sprinkle with sugar, and pour into the dish a small quantity of Burgundy. This dish, which is called *Criquets à la Benoiton*, is said to be delicious."

The following is the last form of a French sensation advertisement:

"A Russian lady of rank died lately in Paris, and her husband sent for a barber to arrange her hair as is usually done with the Russian dead. The barber took his young son with him, and, to punish the lad for some indiscretion which he had committed, brutally compelled him to read aloud "Mon Voisin Raymond" while the hair of the corpse was being dressed. The boy was terribly frightened at the task imposed upon him, and returned home almost delirious. But the cruel father's turn was to come, and on the following night, and for many nights afterward, did the appearance of the Russian lady sit by his bedside reading aloud to him improper novels. At last the poor barber's black hair turned white under the well-deserved infliction he was undergoing; but soon after the fair Russian had exhausted her repertoire of light literature, and appeared to him no more, he was fortunate enough to discover a dye, which completely restored his hair to its original thickness, color, and gloss, which he now sells at the extremely low price of ten francs the bottle. Apply to Mons. ——, Rue ——, No. —."

THE FLAG IN THE SOUTH.

Ed. Harper's Weekly:

On Tuesday, 16th May, 1865, it being definitively known that the Confederacy was extinct, and that we were all once more in Union lines, the Union citizens of Washington Parish, Louisiana, and Pike County, Mississippi, assembled at Mount Hermon Church, in Washington Parish, to celebrate the to them joyful event.

It being ascertained that a lady had brought with her an old Union flag, which she had hidden for four years, like Jochebed hid Moses, the crowd became clamorous, and a long pole being improvised into a flag-staff the old dear flag was brought out, and amidst the shouts and huzzas of the Unionists the free old banner was for the first time given to the lovely breezes that fanned our sunny land.

As it went up the following original ode, written for the occasion by a Southern lady, was sung with the most rapturous enthusiasm:

Ay! bring it from its hiding-place
 Into the light of day,
And let its starry folds once more
 In Southern breezes play.
Let shouts of triumph rend the air,
 While angels smile to see
A nation, saved from tyrant chains,
 Restored to Liberty.

Long have we been denied the sight,
 And frequently have pined
To see our country's flag again
 Float proudly in the wind.
We've cherished for it in our hearts
 A depth of love untold,
And hid it from the sight of man
 As misers hide their gold.

Long has it been a banished thing,
 Derided and traduced,
And those who dared to own its cause
 Insulted and abused.
Drove by conscription from their homes,
 And oft, when forced to flee,
Pursued with blood-hounds through those woods,
 Where once they wandered free.

We've groaned beneath oppression's power
 And all the ills of war,
And dying groans and wails of woe
 Have burdened Southern air.
A pall of darkness o'er us hung
 Like that which shrouds the tomb,
And Hope's faint star was almost lost
 Amid the deepened gloom.

Now, God be praised, the dawn has come,
 The night of terror o'er,
The golden Sun of Liberty
 Shall gild our Southern shore.
Fling out our banner to the breeze,
 Let all its friends rejoice,
And songs of praise to God ascend
 From every heart and voice!

Osyka, Mississippi, *July*, 1866.

"We heartily recommend them to all our readers."—Burnett's Florimel, the most delicate and exquisite Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Leslie's Family Magazine* (New York).

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

A bill has passed giving additional bounty to soldiers who served their term of enlistment, or were discharged for wounds. Also, pension for invalids and widows having children. Circular with law sent. L. BROWN & CO., 1 Park Place, New York.

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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

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